What Happened to LaGuardia *by Simon W. Gerson*

# NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

*October 22, 1940*

*The Truth Mr. Gedye Concealed*

## The U. S. S. R. Is No Mystery

by Joshua Kunitz

Our Choice: Browder and Ford

*An Editorial*

The Real John Reed

*by Michael Gold*

Dr. Butler Expelled Me Too

*by Prof. H. W. L. Dana*

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# Between Ourselves

## You Are the Lighthouse Keepers

**DEAR Reader: Ruth McKenney spoke for all of us last week when she said: "We who work on *New Masses* love it. We live with it and dream about it. We can't imagine America without it. And we hope you won't be able to imagine it either."**

**It happens I came on *New Masses* when it began as a weekly in 1934. I have seen it weather some stormy times and I am proud of having been with it in those times. I know the work it has done in its simple but grand job of telling the truth.**

**I want it to stay alive, to keep up that job, for as every honest man knows, these are the times when America needs *New Masses* most. Old Man Scripps put it well (before Roy Howard took over and turned his papers into a cash-and-carry business as heartless as a chain grocery concern). Mr. Scripps had his artist draw a lighthouse under which he put the slogan: "Give light and the people will find their way." We have not abandoned that slogan. But 99% of the American press today is in the hands of men like Roy Howard. They are turning out the lights. The enemies of truth are ganging up, and one of their main objectives is to stop, smash, destroy, annihilate all publications that won't knuckle under. *This one won't.* You can bet your last dollar on that.**

**If you believe me, if you believe in what we are trying to do here, send our business office that dollar. You can believe me when I say that it needs it in a way it never did before. Send anything you can to help pay that $6,000 the paper man demands. As Ruth said last week, "Don't let the message for peace die because there isn't enough money for paper to print it on." These are the stormiest days of our time and you know what the gloom can be if the lighthouse is dark.**

***Joseph North.***

*(Please turn to page 27)*

THE other editors hope you have read Joe North's letter on this page. We want to underscore his words, and furthermore, we want to say this: despite all difficulties we believe the current issue of NM is the finest this year. We believe it has more of the spirit of America, throws "more light on the gloom" than any publication in the country. Our faith in the magazine and its readers gives us added courage to face the creditors.

Forgive us for gloating over this issue: Mike Gold and Joshua Kunitz' articles, Simon Gerson and Prof. H. W. L. Dana, all of them answer questions in this moment of many questions. We are sure you will back the magazine in these days of its greatest need.

We got the following letter this week from T. F., of Detroit: "I have just finished Samuel Sillen's article on Mumford. Here is $5, so you may continue to purify the air of the words of the Mumfords." Mr. Sillen's third article in his series on "Authors of Surrender" will appear in next week's issue.

### *Who's Who*

JOSHUA KUNITZ is well known as an authority on the USSR. . . . Simon Gerson was formerly an official in the office of the Manhattan Borough president. . . . H. W. L. Dana is a descendant of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and an authority on Soviet drama. . . . Sasha Small is connected with the ILD. . . . Milton Meltzer is well known to NM readers as the author of numerous articles and book reviews. . . . Henry Hart is the author of a novel, *The Great One*. . . . Grace Hutchins is on the editorial staff of Labor Research Association. . . . Lillian Barnard Gilkes is director of the Writers' School conducted by the N. Y. Chapter of the League of American Writers. . . . Lou Cooper is a young composer and pianist. . . . Genevieve Taggard is author of several volumes of verse and a biography of Emily Dickinson. She compiled and edited *May Days,* an anthology of verse from the old *Masses* and *Liberator*. . . . Frank J. Wallace is an economist.

## This Week

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVII OCTOBER 22, 1940 NUMBER 5

# Don't Waste Your Vote!

## AN EDITORIAL

THE forthcoming election confronts every man and woman of good will, everyone who cherishes democracy and peace, with a grave decision. Our country is in crisis. War or peace, fascism or democracy—these are the alternatives not of tomorrow, but of today. Since the last presidential election nation after nation has gone down, and war has engulfed hundreds of millions in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The year 1936 seems precious and remote, a lost land in a time of shipwreck. Today we too flounder as strong tides pull us toward catastrophe. In this crisis the question: "How shall I vote?" becomes one literally of life and death. For we are voting not simply for this man or that, but for a whole way of life, for a future of terror still unborn or of difficult progress toward larger horizons.

NEW MASSES is not the organ of any political party or other group. Like most publications we are supporting candidates in the November elections. They are those whose record and program promise what in our opinion are the best solutions for the problems facing the country. Because they are the only candidates who genuinely stand for peace, for civil liberties, and for the ultimate establishment of socialism, we support the Communist standard bearers, Earl Browder and James W. Ford.

This editorial is primarily addressed to those who, while they may not see eye to eye with us on the need for socialism, do wish wholeheartedly to preserve civil liberties and keep America out of war. The vast majority of the American people are in this group. For them Wendell Willkie offers only what Wall Street offers. He is himself of big business, flesh of its flesh; his program, however seductively masked, is the program of the financial and industrial tycoons who would, if they could, run America as that Willkie supporter and Hitler sympathizer, Henry Ford, runs his factories. We want especially to speak to those democratic, peace-loving Americans who are planning to vote for President Roosevelt in the belief that he represents a genuine alternative or, at any rate, a "lesser evil" as against Willkie. To them our plea is: *don't waste your vote.* You want peace—Roosevelt means war. You want civil liberties—Roosevelt is systematically undermining them. You want a preservation of New Deal gains and further efforts to conquer the frontier of poverty and insecurity—Roosevelt has not only called a halt to new social advance, but has sounded the retreat from what has already been won. Don't waste your vote by voting for the things you don't want and getting them.

The *New Republic* recently asked a number of liberals, most of them its contributors, for which presidential candidate they intended to vote. Of the twenty-six whose replies it published, sixteen said they would vote for Roosevelt, three for Norman Thomas, while seven had not yet made up their minds. But it is significant that of the sixteen liberals who were for Roosevelt, only eight were for him positively, the other eight favoring him with misgivings and reservations. One of these latter wrote that the President "is not only confused but . . . as a political force has already veered dangerously to the right." Another: "I recognize, of course, that the New Deal is pretty dead, but. . . ." The *New Republic* itself, in its survey of the New Deal 1936-1940 (May 20 issue) wrote:

> To those who believe . . . that the firmest base for national defense is making democracy work, here at home, and solving our problem of unemployment and desperate poverty, the recent attitude of the President has been discouraging. . . . He seems to feel that we cannot have both guns and butter and that it is preferable to spend our money on guns. It is often said in Washington that one of the great necessities of the day is to reeducate Mr. Roosevelt in New Dealism.

What a pass these liberals have come to. They ask the American people to vote for: a candidate who "has already veered dangerously to the right," a "New Deal that is pretty dead," a President who adopts the Nazi doctrine of guns instead of butter. This is a counsel of despair. To vote for these things and in this spirit is to vote on one's knees in fear and trembling.

But, these faint-hearted Roosevelt supporters tell us, Willkie would be worse. The history of the past ten years is black with the extinguished liberty of nations that chose what they thought was the lesser evil, only to assure the triumph of the greater. How many German liberals would have voted for Hindenburg in 1932—as they were persuaded to by the Socialist leaders—if they had known it would lead to the victory of Hitler? How many French liberals—and American liberals—would have supported Daladier-Blum-Reynaud if they had known that these gentlemen would clear the way for Petain-Laval? Is not this whole theory of choosing the "lesser evil" merely the doctrine of appeasement in domestic affairs, as fatal to democracy and peace as appeasement in foreign policy?

Four years ago Roosevelt did not appear before the American people as a "lesser evil." He represented, however inadequately, something positive; the gathering forces of struggle against fascism and war at home and abroad. In 1936 Roosevelt fought men like Knudsen and Stettinius, gloried in the fact that they were unanimous in their hate for him, boasted that "those who stand to profit by war are not on our side in this campaign," and pledged that "the forces of selfishness and of lust for power" would be mastered by him in his second administration. Today who is master of whom? Where are the war profiteers, where the "forces of selfishness and of lust for power" if not in the very center of control?

In this election there is no real choice before the American people between the Democratic and Republican candidates. The publication *Uncensored,* whose editorial sponsors include Harry Elmer Barnes, Stuart Chase, John T. Flynn, C. Hartley Grattan, Quincy Howe, Burton Rascoe, and Oswald Garrison Villard, points out in its September 28 issue:

> That the American electorate is being cheated of an opportunity to decide its foreign policy in this election is obvious and on the record. If it is also being denied proper consideration of specific steps through actual collusion between the two candidates, the US has achieved a unique dictatorship, one in which two parties go through the motions of opposing each other. . . . Willkie has not only accepted the President's foreign policy, he has also adopted his domestic program. As the Willkie crusade continues, it looks less like a campaign for the presidency and more like an effort on the part of its leader to qualify for a cabinet post in a third term.

Nor does Norman offer a genuine alternative. He is the candidate of a thoroughly discredited party; it was the comrades of Norman Thomas in Germany, France, England, and other countries who led their peoples to disaster. Thomas, while

*(Continued on page 22)*

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# The USSR Is No Mystery

**Joshua Kunitz tells the real story Gedye couldn't understand and couldn't get published if he did. By 1939 illiteracy was solved: 692,700,000 books published that year. Second of a series.**

LAST week I pointed out that in his recent series of articles in the New York *Times,* Mr. Gedye, despite his fit of spleen, makes three unqualified admissions about the Soviet Union:

1. The prevalence of a spirit of real, classless comradeship embracing all people, regardless of age, sex, or income.

2. The unique spirit of freedom and independence that distinguishes Soviet children from children in other countries.

3. The complete eradication of anti-Semitism and every other form of racial, national, or tribal "lunacy."

These admissions merit emphasis, for they are of such positive universal importance, both in themselves and their startling implications, as to immeasurably outweigh the multifarious negative assertions about the USSR made by all past and present critics, including Mr. Gedye.

All discussion of the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is worthless, unless these sublime achievements are constantly and vigilantly kept in mind. It is only against this luminous background that Soviet dark spots and gropings can be properly seen and realistically evaluated. Remove this background, and your vision dims, and your discussion inevitably sinks into a morass of "soul-destroying" drabness, pettiness, and Philistinism—dog biscuits, tin cans, pots, socks, fly-infested railroad carriages, oil spots on the Black Sea, and so on ad nauseum. One must not permit dishonest editors and tricky headline writers to drag one into that morass; for to such people it is the absence of dog biscuits and not the eradication of race "lunacy" that is the great news about the Soviets, worthy of headline display.

More. On close scrutiny Soviet difficulties and problems often turn out to be more apparent than real. That is why each case reported in the bourgeois press must be subjected to a most careful analysis. Only when its relation to Russia's past and to the infinitely complex and swiftly changing Soviet present is clearly perceived can its true significance be understood. Often new Soviet problems arise as a result of the solution of old problems, and new difficulties appear as a result of the removal of old difficulties. Such is the dynamic of Soviet life, its dialectics. This is the stuff of which Soviet progress is made. Invariably, these new problems and difficulties manifest themselves on a plane nearer to the socialist goal; they represent a higher level in socialist development.

Let us examine, by way of illustration, the following brief comment on the Soviet press made by Mr. Gedye:

> . . . the chronic paper shortage is such that only a small proportion [of the population] can get hold of the actual copies of the newspapers, either by joining the daily queues at the newsstands or by reading the copies displayed in show cases in clubs, parks and streets. . . .

To make the picture more distressing, Mr. Gedye might have added that the shortage affects not only newspapers, but also magazines, books, writing paper, drawing paper, wrapping paper, wall paper, toilet paper, cigarette paper, card board, etc.

This is the sad truth. It is not, however, the whole truth. The whole truth I once heard succinctly expressed by an old Jewish newsdealer in Minsk, when a foreign correspondent had voiced disgust, a little too heatedly, at having wasted twenty minutes in a queue to get such a simple thing as a newspaper and then not having gotten it. "Was it better in the old days?" queried the old man. "No queues, and no waste of time. Plenty of papers. But have you any idea, my dear citizen, how many people could read papers in the old days? How many could afford to buy papers? How many papers were being published? Yet you kick, an intelligent man like you. . . ."

Now this old man in Minsk was not an internationally famous journalist. He had most likely seen very little outside his native district. But he had spent most of his life in benighted, besotted old Russia, where 75 percent of the population was illiterate, where one might scour an entire village and not find a single scrap of paper, any kind of paper, let alone a newspaper. That old man could cite no official statistics, but he saw what was going on all about him, and against that as a background the sight of a long line of people waiting for a newspaper was not nearly as disturbing to him as it might have been to Mr. Gedye. Indeed, he almost sounded proud of the queue, seeing in it, as it were, a cheering sign of cultural progress.

### INCREASED DEMAND

And his pride was not without reason. Mr. Gedye concentrated on the inadequate supply, and he was distressed. The old man concentrated on the increased *demand* (plus the increased sales), and he was proud. As between the two attitudes, that of the old man was, objectively, the sounder. He knew that once the demand had been created, the lagging supply would ultimately catch up. The very magnitude of the success in creating the demand, was to him an assurance of success in finally satisfying it. In the light of the epic story of Soviet education, the shortage of paper was relatively a piddling affair.

One of the major and most pressing problems confronting the Bolsheviks upon their assumption of power was the liquidation of mass illiteracy bequeathed by the old regime. The drive, launched in the first days of the Revolution, gradually took on the character of a furious campaign that lasted for years and consumed no end of the people's energy and wealth. By 1938-39 the problem of illiteracy was essentially solved—a brilliant cultural and organizational triumph. Not only was illiteracy practically abolished, but 47,000,000 people, including adults, were in schools. The population in the primary and secondary schools alone was 31,000,000—an increase of almost 400 percent as compared with 1914. Another 2,400,000 were in military schools. From 1933 to 1938, twenty thousand new schools were built throughout the Union Republics, sixteen thousand of them in rural districts. State expenditures on public education increased from 10.1 billion rubles during the First Five Year Plan to 50.4 billion during the Second. The expenditures in 1938 were as high as 18.7 billion rubles.

In the process of solving the problem of mass education, the Soviets were at the same time solving numerous other related and urgent problems. For instance, there was the need, if industry and agriculture and social organization were to function efficiently, to develop a new type of worker and new type of farmer, capable of understanding the delicate machinery of modern industry, of reading technical books and following printed instruction, qualified to perform the complicated tasks of modern, large-scale, scientifically managed collectivized agriculture, and trained for the all-important job of democratic self-government in a socialist state. The steady progress in the solving of this problem finally culminated in the Stakhanov movement, sweeping factory and field, embracing millions of advanced workers and peasants throughout the country. The Stakhanov movement, which was hailed by Stalin as the first major success in bridging the gulf between physical and intellectual labor, would have been inconceivable without the general raising of the educational level of the masses.

Then there was the problem of developing a new and loyal and numerous Soviet intelligentsia, rooted in the working class and peasantry—new professional cadres, new scholars, teachers, engineers, agronomists, and various other specialists and experts. The extent of the success in this field can be seen in the following figures, based on the latest census and covering the period between 1926 and 1939:

| | *1926* | *1939* |
|---|---|---|
| Engineers, architects, and designers (excluding directors of enterprises and heads of departments) | 32,000 | 305,000 |
| Agronomists | 18,000 | 90,000 |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Scientists, professors, and university teachers | 14,000 | 93,000 |
| Schoolteachers | 348,000 | 1,201,000 |
| Art workers | 54,000 | 174,000 |
| Physicians | 70,000 | 155,000 |

In 1938-39 there were 708 higher institutions of learning in the USSR (as against ninety-one in czarist days) with a student body exceeding 600,000. In other words, by 1938-39, in once backward Russia, the number of university students per thousand of population was twice that of England, twice that of Italy, and three times that of Germany!

NEW PROBLEMS

The more successfully, however, all the educational problems were being solved—eradicating illiteracy, raising the cultural level of the masses, creating a large stratum of worker and peasant intellectuals—the more urgent was becoming the demand for printed matter, exerting enormous pressure on the country's paper mills and printing presses. Thus, as old problems were being solved, a new problem was arising—not so serious as the first, not so difficult of solution, but a problem none the less quite real and irritating, yet representing a higher phase in the country's cultural ascent.

This does not mean that little or nothing has been done toward the solution of the new problem. Quite the contrary—the paper and printing industries, of microscopic size under the czars, have grown colossally and at a prodigious rate under the Soviets; their increase in output has been astounding, despite Mr. Gedye's failure to mention it.

Indeed, during the very months that Mr. Gedye was having trouble with the Soviet censor because he (Mr. Gedye) insisted on selecting for his dispatches only negative items from the Soviet press, he might have come across a multitude of interesting items that would have partly explained the Soviet shortage of paper.

He might, for example, have noticed this short piece in the *Pravda* of July 6:

> The printing industry of Moscow and Leningrad is filling a large order for the Commissariat of Education of the Russian Union of Federated Soviet Republics. [One of the sixteen constituent Republics of the USSR—the largest one—J. K.] Sixty different standard textbooks, totaling 78,500,000 copies, are being printed. Twenty-seven million five hundred thousand have already been delivered to the bookselling organizations.

He might have found plenty of similar items on this subject in other papers. Then, in order to round out his ideas, he might have made a brief excursion to the All-Union Book Chamber in Moscow, where copies of everything published in the Soviet Union are daily received and filed—books, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, posters, leaflets, music, and maps.

If he consulted the Chamber's records, he would have found that as compared with czarist Russia (1913), the daily total output of newspaper copies increased by 1,444 percent. He would have found the names of 8,850 newspapers in seventy different languages published in the Soviet Union. He would have found that as compared with czarist Russia the annual production of books under the Soviets increased 800 percent, and of agricultural and technical works, 3,000 percent. He would have found that in 1938, the Soviet Union published 40,000 titles, with a total printing amounting to the astronomical figure of 692,700,000 copies! All this in a country which only yesterday, historically speaking, was the most backward in Europe.

A cursory glance at the list of incoming material would reveal to him how new centers of science and art—new centers of paper consumption—were springing up all over the land. On the very day he visited the Chamber he might find, for instance, that the publications received that day from Erivan (Armenia), or Novosibirsk (Siberia), or Tashkent (Uzbekistan) rivaled those from Moscow and Leningrad, both in quantity and quality.

If he turned to a perusal of individual volumes, he would no doubt be impressed by such a characteristic Soviet product as the richly bound, well illustrated edition of Gorky's works in the Kalmyk language, published in Elista, capital of the Kalmyk Autonomous Republic. Or he would have been struck by a volume of Pushkin's poetry translated into the Komi language, issued in Syktyvkar, a Far Northern town which until recently did not figure even on Soviet maps. He would have discovered that whereas in the old days books in Russia were published in only a few languages, now they were being published in 111 different Soviet tongues, to meet the demands of millions of new consumers of paper. He would have found Tolstoy in fifty-seven languages; Pushkin in sixty-nine; Chekhov in fifty-four; Sholokhov in thirty-six, etc. He would have found Shakespeare and Balzac, Heine and Goethe, Dickens and Cervantes, Mark Twain and Dreiser recently translated into languages he had never suspected existed. He would have found that since the Revolution more than forty nationalities, so small as to be unknown except to ethnologists, received their own written languages. He would have found books and newspapers in Abas, Mansi, Adigey, Koryak, Shugnan, Balkarian, Nanai, Nenets, Hante, Even, Evenki, and similarly obscure tongues.

Michaels

A brief paragraph by Mr. Gedye on such an excursion might have thrown some additional and not irrelevant light on the "chronic" paper shortage in the USSR and on the perpetual queues at newsstands and in book shops.

BOOK SHOP QUEUES

And speaking of queues in book shops, it is a great pity that Mr. Gedye did not know enough Russian to be able to read Soviet literature, or have the incentive to visit Soviet book shops. Had he, for instance, found himself in a Moscow book shop on June 7, he would have been in a position to report one of the most curious phenomena in the modern world. He would have seen a long queue waiting in front of the poetry counter, a queue as long as the one he so painstakingly and repeatedly reported having seen at shoe counters. For it happened that on that day a popular edition of a long poem of 4,560 lines in eighteen cantos was issued. The poem, entitled *Mayakovsky Begins,* was a biography of the great revolutionary poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky, written by his intimate friend, the famous Russian poet, Nikolai Aseev. Separate cantos of that poem had been appearing in various Soviet magazines during the preceding couple of years. Then the poem was published in various cloth and leather bound editions for schools and libraries and the more prosperous individual buyers. I regret I do not have the figures showing the total number of copies published in these editions—surely more than 100,000. But the popular paper covered edition, selling at 50 kopecks—10 cents—which appeared on June 7, was brought out in an edition of 300,000 copies!

Had Mr. Gedye waited in line, bought the book, and glanced through its contents, he would have been amazed at the type of poetry the State Publishing House regarded "popular" enough to warrant such an enormous edition. He would have found a beautiful narrative poem so sophisticated in style, so modernist in form, so full of historical references, literary allusions, names of pre-revolutionary poets and critics, conflicting esthetic schools and tendencies as to tax the cultural equipment of the average university graduate.

And perhaps this slight diversion from his ordinary pursuits in the Soviet Union would have given Mr. Gedye a deeper insight into the life about him than anything else he might have done during his year's stay. People waiting in lines to purchase a difficult poem dealing with the literary struggles of a poet—that is something Mr. Gedye could have found only in the Soviet Union. And such a discovery, too, might have merited a paragraph in the *Times*. Indeed, it is not unlikely that had Mr. Gedye been as eager to send out such stories as he was to send the other kind, he would have found less censorship interference with all his stories, carping or favorable.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

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# What Happened to LaGuardia

## Simon W. Gerson traces the acrobatics of the Little Flower. As the White House goes so goes City Hall. Two war-mad men.

WHEN Jimmy Walker was appointed to a $20,000-a-year post as impartial chairman of the needle trades industry at the suggestion of Mayor LaGuardia, it marked, as the historians put it, the definitive end of an era. The wags downtown said that City Hall Plaza would yet see book-burnings of Judge Seabury's reports on Tammany iniquity, with a reform mayor lighting the first blaze. A few of the good government addicts remonstrated faintly with His Honor, but to no avail. War, as the famous Frenchwoman from Armentieres told the American doughboy, is war.

And war it is. Not war against the slums, or war against poverty, or war against the wickedness of the tiger, but prime, bottled-in-bond, old label "save the world for democracy," 1917 vintage. Of course Congress or the President haven't declared war yet, but that hasn't stopped the hearty buckaroos of City Hall. Mayor LaGuardia, of course, has the job of defending Canada plus his own bailiwick; Council Pres. Newbold Morris is concentrating on New York, while from last reports Bronx Borough Pres. James J. Lyons was understood to be digging a deep moat around his honorable domain.

The short and ugly truth of the matter is that the most promising reform administration in the history of New York has gone war mad. Its government and politics have become adjuncts of the Roosevelt war machine. Issues that once divided a LaGuardia from an Eddie Flynn have disappeared in the new zeal for "national defense" and the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Hence the mayor could tell reporters without a suspicion of a blush that he got the happy thought about Jimmy Walker while seven thousand feet up in an airplane.

### THE PLATTSBURG SPIRIT

The evolution is not difficult to trace. Back in September 1939 it was still possible for the mayor to tell the AFL convention that "the workers want no part of this war," that they hadn't been consulted, and that all they would do in it was the dying. Later, clamping down on peaceful demonstrations before foreign consulates—clearly an invasion of civil liberties—the mayor still urged that "the war be fought on the battlefields of Europe and not on the streets of New York." But with the heightened war hysteria in the White House the Fusion administration's shrieks became more and more high-pitched. After President Roosevelt's fa- peech there was no holding ally every deputy commis- self a general and hied himself off to Plattsburg to train with such peacetime heroes as Jock Whitney and an assorted collection of Wall Street brokers. Newbold Morris, whose office first saw the publicity possibilities of the idea, dashed off to camp amid a fanfare, while his political rivals bit their nails. Plattsburg was good to Newbold—good to the extent of about a column a day and a couple of pictures for two weeks hand-running.

### AFTER EFFECTS

There were other features besides the comic, however. The thirty-day Plattsburg generals were bad enough, but more grim reflections of the new situation were evidenced in the practical decisions of the administration, particularly in connection with the budget policy. The executive budget proposed by the mayor was more than trimmed to the bone; he literally hacked pieces out of the skeleton itself. The 130,000 civil service employees, especially those in the lower brackets, continued to take a beating. Vacancies were not filled as a matter of general policy; promotions, if they meant serious outlays, were taboo, and raises practically outlawed. The mayor sought by every possible means to circumvent mandatory increases, lowering whole salary schedules as a reprisal against a civil service union which had licked him in court on the issue. The cuts in the school and library budgets were a public scandal. Even his own board of education, headed by the conservative James Marshall, publicly fought the mayor on the issue.

But it was in the capital budget that Fiorello surpassed himself, fixing expenditures for new construction at $1 for the next fiscal year. Even his staunch commissioners, accustomed to walking up the side of a house at the mayor's command, gagged at that one. Meek William Hodson, heading the Department of Welfare, urged modification to the extent of at least one new welfare station in Harlem.

It is in the field of civil liberties that the administration's war-mindedness is most evident. Police are becoming notoriously tougher with pickets and the mayor betrays ever more irritation at unions daring to call strikes in this period. Perhaps the most shocking retreat from Fusion's professed liberalism occurred in the Bertrand Russell case, where the administration literally joined with reactionaries to prevent the Fusion Board of Higher Education from appointing Russell to a teaching position at City College. The issue was plain enough and the academic world and most of the LaGuardia supporters lined up behind the demand to give the Board of Higher Education a free hand. But the mayor ordered his pliant corporation counsel to oppose the Board of Higher Education in the courts and to join with Bishop Manning, the Catholic hierarchy, and the rest of the professional liberal-killers to defeat his own board.

Fundamentally the same position was taken by the City in the case of this writer whose appointment was subjected to attack by the professional paytriots and bigots. Instead of defending the right of the appointee's superior to name anyone on the basis of merit, the corporation counsel, under orders of the mayor, declared that he could not defend Gerson because that would necessitate a defense of the Communist Party. Apart from its explicit agreement with the premises of the fascist-minded American Legion leadership pressing the ouster suit, the City was wholly wrong. No request was made for the defense of Communism. All that might have been expected from a professedly liberal administration was that it defend the constitutional right of all of its citizens regardless of views to hold office. How far the administration has sunk in this regard can be measured by the fact that in 1938 the mayor, then arguing for "tolerance," answered attacks leveled at my appointment. Then the attacks were recognized for what they were—reactionary assaults on everything progressive. Today the city administration joins with those it opposed in 1938.

The new dispensation reveals itself in what is almost official hostility to the CIO, shown especially in the attitude toward the Transport Workers Union on the newly unified city transit system. This situation, already familar to NEW MASSES readers, has by no means been definitely settled. If for the moment the administration through its Board of Transportation is making no direct fight on the union, it is simply and only because of thorough respect for the union's strength. The Board of Transportation, with tremendous power, still remains fundamentally anti-CIO. Its chairman, John F. Delaney, a Tammany holdover, is a former AFL official, and Frank X. Sullivan, another member of the board, is counsel to the State Federation of Labor. So bad is the set-up that one of the leading attorneys for the board, widely recognized as an authority on transit matters, quit the board in disgust at its obvious anti-union bias.

### COOL TOWARD CIO

Concomitant with the administration's growing coolness to John L. Lewis and the CIO has been an increasing warmth toward the official leadership of the AFL and to the Sidney Hillman wing of the CIO. This has been particularly clear in the mayor's relationship to the Hillman-Dubinsky-Antonini faction in the state leadership of the American Labor Party. Members of his administration who opposed the Antonini crowd were ordered to support the very group whom His Honor had privately cursed and publicly criticized only a year before. The non-partisan, non-political mayor went as far as telephoning instructions to appointees to vote for Antonini

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as chairman of the American Labor Party in a recent convention.

But it is not only by the sins of commission that the new order reflects itself. The mayor, co-author of the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act in his salad days, might have been expected to speak up in defense of the Wagner law and in defense of unions under attack by Thurman Arnold's use of the Sherman anti-trust act. Not a peep out of him, however. In fact you may search the last year's files in vain for any substantial speeches by the mayor in support of any important social legislation. Reform, national or municipal, has been definitely shelved in favor of preparations for war.

The new developments have been faithfully mirrored in the character and outlook of the circles around His Honor. Progressives have been steadily weeded out, beginning with the mayor's labor secretary, Nathan Frankel, who dared to support Transport Workers Union leader Michael Quill for reelection to the City Council. Replacements have been made in the main with outright reactionaries or time-serving "liberals." The lot of the few genuine progressives left is not a happy one. Only to the degree that they resist the new LaGuardia policies and differentiate themselves from such policies, are they consistent with their progressive pasts. A number of the former LaGuardia liberals have turned with anxious promptitude to acceptance of the new brass hat line. Others mumble incoherently about the current Lewis Mumford credo. Aid to Britain is the word, and anyone opposing involvement of America in the war is a fifth columnist. The reactionaries in the mayor's entourage are definitely in the saddle. They have helped the mayor scuttle a number of progressives and are preparing political assassination for some liberals who hope to save themselves by last-minute repentance.

ANTI-SEMITISM

Thoroughly typical of the retreat from the professions of 1937 is the administration capitulation to anti-Semitism. Always a factor in New York political life, anti-Semitism has reached a new virulence in the last two years as barely indicated by the Christian Front trials in Brooklyn. Under pressure to do something, the mayor had two of his secretaries draw up exhaustive reports on the subject. Both reports and the results of a questionnaire showing considerable Christian Front activity in the police department were never acted upon, and for all practical purposes remain dead letters. Even more sinister, however, are the concessions being made to anti-Semitic bigotry in the city's appointments. One incident is characteristic. The mayor had fumed for years against the Tammany method of appointing marshals from clubhouse backrooms. Finally he determined to give a civil service examination for the position, have a list made of those passing, and then select from the list. The examination was duly given but the mayor did not use the list, solely because the overwhelming majority of those passing the test happened to be of Jewish extraction.

Michaels

In general it can be said that the little New Deal of New York is a faithful image of the big New Deal in Washington, and that the Little Flower mimics the Great White Father. LaGuardia said farewell to reform only shortly after Roosevelt. Both are scuttling social legislation in favor of war preparations. And both are meeting strong resistance from the people. While it is far too early to discuss the 1941 municipal elections, it is already clear that new alignments are in the cards. The 1937 coalition of labor and good government supporters which defeated Tammany is irreparably shattered. Progressivism and good government have been betrayed by a cynical LaGuardia administration which has completed the full cycle and is now in the arms of Boss Flynn. The demands of the people for peace, progress, and decent local government can be defended only by an implacable struggle against both Tammany and the LaGuardia administration. Organized labor and militant progressives will have to carry the main burden in this fight. SIMON W. GERSON.

## Non-Stop "Defense"

NEWS item from the New York *Herald Tribune,* to be read in the light of administration claims that its huge armaments and conscription program is purely a "defense" measure, to repulse "foreign invaders."

William S. Knudsen, production coordinator for the National Defense Advisory Commission, made a surprise visit today to the plant of the Wright Aeronautical Corp. here (Paterson, N. J.) to view tests of the world's most powerful aircraft engine . . . four of the engines will power the new seventy-ton Douglas XB-19 bombing plane which will be flown for the first time in a few days in California. This plane is designed to fly non-stop to Europe and back with a crew of twelve and a bomb load of eighteen tons.

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# John Reed: He Loved the People

## Michael Gold's magnificent tribute to one of America's great men. The twentieth anniversary of Reed's death. "He never surrendered his faith in the working class and its future."

DURING his brief life span John Reed had already become a legendary figure. It began at Harvard, where he distinguished himself by various imaginative pranks, helped edit the *Monthly* and the *Lampoon,* and attended the meetings of the Socialist Club. When he was graduated, entering life and New York journalism under the tutelage of the wise and fatherly Lincoln Steffens, the legend acquired an all-American magnitude.

That giant gusto, that rash young western strength, all that deep-hearted poetry, exuberant humor, thirst for adventure, and flair for life, composed a character that could not avoid fame. John Reed was among the most famous and highest-paid reporters of his day. He covered the Mexican Revolution, he interviewed Presidents, and handled other ace assignments for the biggest magazines.

Yes, he established himself in a golden career which he could have pursued to its end. Why John Reed gave up this "splendor" was always a mystery to many of his early friends. They can be divided into two groups —the opportunists and the esthetes.

Of the opportunists let Walter Lippmann, Reed's classmate at Harvard, serve as representative. In his early twenties, the precocious author of a brilliant book on politics, his circle of intimate women admirers naming him "Buddha," and bubbling with prophecies that he would be in a Cabinet before he was thirty, Walter Lippmann always had the fishy art and wisdom of a born careerist. Walter Lippmann inevitably felt superior to John Reed. Some twenty-five years ago, in the *New Republic,* Lippmann's sketch of John Reed, half-affectionate, half-patronizing, demonstrated this. Reed had begun to stand out as a Socialist. Lippmann, already a subtle renegade and enemy to socialism, must have felt challenged. His article the "Legendary John Reed" was the semi-humorous portrait of a romantic playboy, and thus a sly flank attack to destroy the Socialist. Here is God's own reporter, said Lippmann, a poet drunk with life, a high-hearted adventurer and vagabond, but certainly no Socialist. John Reed may believe socialism is another wild poetic adventure. But has he ever read a book on socialism? Has he ever evolved his own philosophy?

John Reed had discovered Marx and the working class, and Walter Lippmann from the heights of Bergsonism patronized John Reed as if he were an illiterate.

[illegible] of course, merely the intellectual [illegible]egade. Even then the two Har[illegible] had already set their feet on different paths. The eyes of John Reed already previsioned the future of the working class, his destiny; while in the rapt gaze of Walter Lippmann, staring into his own future, there must have already loomed the mystic, shining, beckoning figure of some millionaire Republican master.

To such as Walter Lippmann, to all careerists, go-getters, and renegades, John Reed, from the time he became a working Communist, seemed a pitiful failure.

But then, these same people consider the Soviet Revolution a pitiful failure. But the first world war, and now this second one, appeal to them as brilliant and beautiful examples of capitalist idealism and success!

FEW MEN really choose the career of a Bolshevik. They were born into a certain kind of world, and could not help seeing its crimes and follies. Certain truths about it emerged from their experience. When these truths placed themselves into a synthesis and offered hope for a better world, such men could not escape the logic. Which is to say that a Communist is not any special psychological species of man; he is merely a very honest man.

John Reed had this gift of honesty, a rare thing in a social system where dishonesty offers the best chances for personal survival. The eyes of John Reed were the distinguishing beauty in his face. Reed's eyes were unusually large and clear. They were honest eyes.

No, the opportunists were wrong when they said John Reed regretted the path his feet had found, the path he trod as America's first literary Bolshevik, the path that led him to a legendary grave beneath the wall of the Soviet Kremlin.

### Autumn Song for Guitar

Lost in the shuffle—wheat fields cut,
Wheat's on the train.
Autumn rain
Shuts off the farm, sweeps down the road,
Blows men to town, blows men
Lost in the shuffle.

Chaff off the hay-field; where to now?
Back to the town.
Let's go, we're going down
For winter pavements and the rainy snow.
Cards in a rented room, nothing to do.
Lost in the shuffle.

Too many of us. Walk the street and get
Jobs in the line.
(Another stiff got mine.)
Move all night, all winter. (All my life?)
Move on, get going, you're
*Lost in the shuffle.*

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

There were always rumors circulated that John Reed was full of mercenary regrets. Later, the hyper-esthetic lilies like Max Eastman whispered that John Reed regretted his political preoccupations and wanted to get back to "pure" poetry. Still later, hyper-renegades like Max Eastman and other Trotskyites circulated slanders that just before John Reed died he was completely disillusioned with Lenin and the Soviet Revolution.

Whoever prefers the wormseye view of history will believe such stories. Many good folk once liked to believe that Robert Ingersoll called for a priest on his deathbed. Later Lenin was rumored to be a sadist, who according to the New York *Times* and other such fountains of fact, enjoyed going down to the prison cellars each morning and watching the beautiful countesses being massacred.

What gives the general lie to all the mess of rumor that John Reed spent most of his crowded revolutionary life in wishful regret, is the fact that he could always have stepped out of the ranks. The return to a well paid job and its brass check was easy and open. All he had to do was to write something like the many "Confessions of an Ex-Communist" that appear nowadays in the *Nation* and *New Republic,* in which contemporary authors purge the Communist movement of their unstable and treacherous persons.

John Reed lived through the first world war, and there were the same pressures and the same renegadism as now. That war affected American intellectuals much like the present one. Some were caught in ivory towers contemplating their navels. They rushed forth at the first gunfire, and set to with an astonishing, new-found fervor to paint the war for oil, iron, coal, and mandates with all the ethereal hues of a mystic crusade. George Creel's bureau for inventing inflammatory lies was manned almost entirely by Socialists; one of them once confided to me in an excited whisper the inwardness of this strange contradiction: they were really boring from within, and they were bringing America to socialism.

Greenwich Village broke out in a rash of spies, young literary men were turning in their former pals. The *New Republic* boasted in a famous editorial that the intellectuals had willed the war, though these same intellectuals, after the war (when it was safe and even popular) proved that it had been Wall Street that had willed the war (and what did this make the war intellectuals?).

A host of liberals, progressives, anarchists, art-for-art's-sakers, changed overnight, became indistinguishable from the most vulgar and ignorant hoodlum who ever wrecked a German delicatessen shop. Prominent theorists

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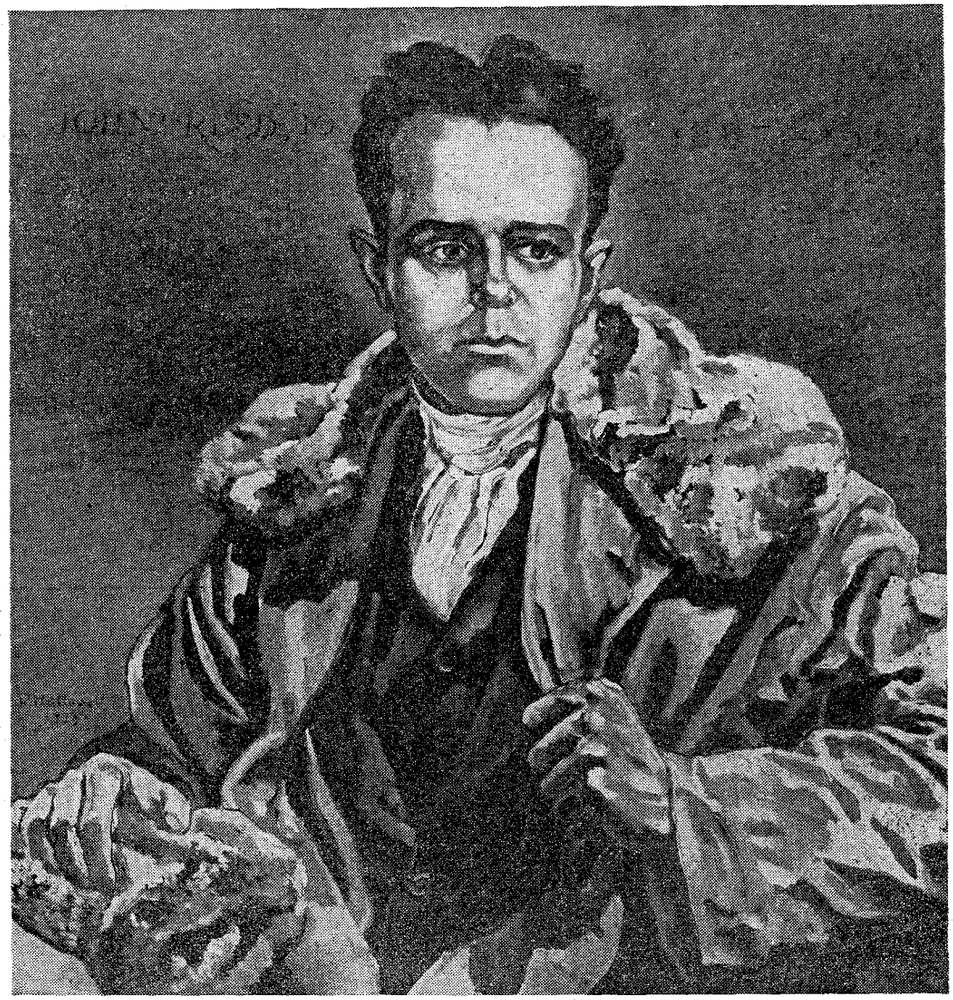
and leaders of socialism, like William English Walling and John Spargo, turned into the lowest of public stool-pigeons and Red-baiters. There was no Stalin, nor yet a Lenin, to blame and to curse; but they needed no Dies committee through which to tell the police that the Socialist Party, of which they had been leaders until yesterday, was suddenly receiving gold from Berlin, and was a secret agency of the kaiser.

It was a disgusting time of treason to the merest minimums of human honesty and rationalism; a mass of American intellectuals disgraced themselves, and their profession, in the last war. Only one minority among them could one respect; that which consistently opposed the war and suffered prison, persecution, and the rest of the "democratic" procedure.

John Reed remained an outstanding leader in this opposition. That is the simple fact; he stuck to his guns. It cost him much. The big magazines shut their doors on their "greatest reporter," one after the other. He saw his income and comforts go. He saw the friends of his "playboy" and "Bohemian" period boycott him. His jovial Harvard *bierbrueder* snubbed him. John Reed could have crumpled under all this social and economic pressure; could have done what hundreds of others were doing. But the fact is he didn't. I think that is enough of an answer to the school of whisperers. I think it is even an example to some of the crumplers of our time.

John Reed opposed the war because he understood it better than all the Lippmanns and John Deweys. The Versailles Treaty and the world after the war proved him right, and the Lippmanns and Deweys wrong. But they never choose to remember such little errors, and they never apologize. They never learn.



JOHN REED. *This portrait by the late Robert Hallowell now hangs in Adams House, Harvard University, from which Reed graduated in 1910. An earlier portrait also done by Hallowell hangs in New Masses' reception office.*

EVERY YEAR or so I re-read the classic *Ten Days That Shook the World,* and marvel at its brilliance. The Bolshevik Revolution was met with a great wave of understanding and solidarity by the majority of worker Socialists in America. Nevertheless, few were prepared to disentangle the unfamiliar parties, men, issues, and leaders involved in the Revolution. John Reed came to the scene without knowing Russian, and without much Russian political orientation. But he had sound revolutionary instincts.

Lenin read his book carefully and wrote a foreword for the American edition. This means that Lenin considered John Reed more than the romantic "playboy" of the Lippmann legend. When I was in Moscow in 1930, I interviewed Madam Krupskaya, the widow of Lenin. She told me, in her charming English, that Lenin was very fond of John Reed. He had great confidence in his revolutionary loyalty and skill.

Reed was the first Soviet consul appointed to New York. This was at a time when Russia was invaded by all, unrecognized as a legal nation. Reed had an enormous task—to break down in some manner this wall of bayonets and hate.

The appointment was withdrawn. John Reed told me it was a person named Alex Gumberg, translator for the Red Cross, who spread slanders in Petrograd about his integrity. This Gumberg, who was friendly with Edgar Sisson, author of the notorious Sisson documents, and a spy operating in Russia for George Creel's Public Information Committee, later came to America as a Soviet representative, switched to a much more "respectable" job as Russian adviser to the Chase National Bank, and was, I believe, a pioneer Trotskyite.

Maybe it was he who helped spread the slanders here that John Reed recanted on his deathbed in the alleged manner of Bob Ingersoll.

Whoever spread it, it never caught on. John Reed's character did not fit such a story. It was, of course, the rankest of lies. In Moscow that same year, 1930, I met an old Bolshevik who had lived for years in New York. He had been on the train with John Reed as a delegate to the congress of oriental nations at Baku. This was the last meeting Reed ever attended, and he made a beautiful speech, linking the problem of the Negro people and the oppressed peoples of Latin America with that of the oppressed Eastern peoples. Coming back from the Baku congress, said the old New York Bolshevik, their train was suddenly halted in a desert valley between two ridges. From one of the hills shots were being fired at the train by White Guards. The Red Army escort leaped out of the armored car, mounted horses, unlimbered some machine guns, and was about to gallop forth, when John Reed asked to go along. He insisted, and finally got the commanders to take him. The Red Army men scoured the hills for half an hour, knocked off a few bandits, and scared the rest. And John Reed galloped back with them, said my informant, full of his familiar glow.

If he had been harboring any secret regrets, he surely would not have been anxious for such an adventure. It was hardly the act of a man with regrets. And this was the last bit of revolutionary action of John Reed. A few days later he died of typhus.

I WAS a reporter on the old Socialist *Call* when John Reed returned from his first visit to the Russian Revolution, and the city editor assigned me to meet him.

With Louise Bryant I waited at the pier for hours, while a swarm of Department of Justice men stripped him, went over every

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inch of his clothes and baggage, and put him through the usual inquisition.

Reed had been sick with ptomaine on the boat. The inquisition had also been painful. But I like to remember how he kissed his girl again and again as our old-fashioned open carriage rolled through the New York streets, and how hungrily he stared at the houses, the people on the sidewalk, the New York sky, with his large, honest eyes.

He was always homesick for this country after a stay abroad; and even those Department of Justice greeters did not spoil the delight he felt in being home.

We went to the Brevoort. The dining room was then a rendezvous for the Greenwich Village intellectuals. As we entered, some of his scores of friends greeted Reed in the casual New York manner. I remember the beautiful, red-haired girl, an actress with dreamy white face and moon-struck eyes, who hailed him as we passed.

"Hello, Jack," she drawled.

"Hello, Helen," he said.

"It seems to me you've been away, Jack," she said.

"Yes, I've been away."

"Where?" she asked.

"Russia," he said.

"Russia?" she repeated dreamily. "Why Russia, Jack?"

"There was a revolution," he answered.

"A revolution? Oh! Was it interesting?" she drawled.

His face flushed. He had just been through something that split families, sapped one's last energy, took a cruel price from everyone. He had seen famine, war, disease, mental suffering, chaos—everything that the sick and dying past demanded before it would yield to the new. Yes, it was something too big to describe—the workers in revolution; something that would shake and change the world. And Helen wanted to know if it was interesting—as interesting, let's say, as a batik print, or the new edition of Krafft-Ebbing.

"Interesting," Jack sneered. "You wouldn't know."

Well, I think this sneer at a beautiful girl who was too esthetic to read the papers, sufficiently answers the Max Eastmans who went around forever whispering that John Reed regretted his revolutionary past.

The Russian Revolution was the forcing-bed of John Reed's maturity. Great art is produced only out of great experience. John Reed wrote his *Ten Days That Shook the World* after returning from the experience of a workers' revolution. It is not only a great essay in living history, but a piece of great art.

Certainly it is destined to last. And John Reed, if he had lived, surely might have returned to other forms of art than reportage—to the theater perhaps, or to poetry. But who can doubt that he would have quarreled with most of the theories of art that prevailed in the Village of his youth—with the insipid *Yellow Book pastiche* of the Eastmans, the inflated mysticism of the Waldo Franks, the flashy, sterile verbalism of the Ben Hechts, the Menckenites, James Joyceans, Sigmund Freudians, and other forms of literary evasion, despair, confusion, and reaction that then dominated the intellectual schools?

For the workers' revolution was not a passing intellectual fashion with John Reed, as it was for others in his time, and as it has been with some today.

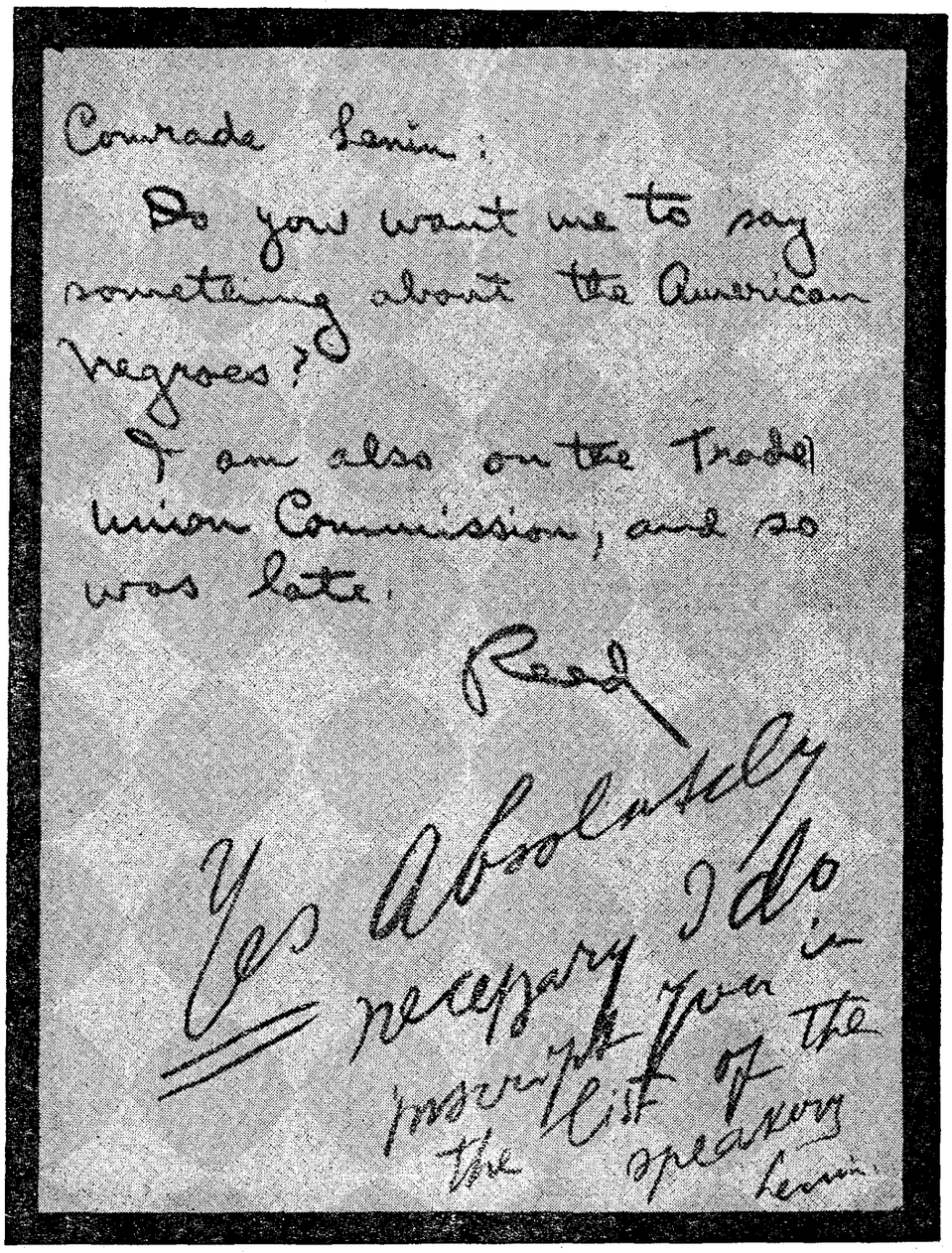
Let me now name that quality I believe was present in Reed which made him an effective Bolshevik. Krupskaya, at the grave of her great companion, believed it the highest quality she could praise in Lenin, the mightiest political genius of our century.

His widow said of Lenin, "Vladimir Ilyich deeply loved the people."

John Reed always loved the people. It is revealed at the beginning of his career, before he was a Communist, when he was reporting the Mexican Revolution of 1910. In the midst of the romantic ecstasy that the Mexican landscape and the wild, outdoor war aroused in the Harvard youth, one finds passages of brooding love for the peon—for the illiterate, gentle, oppressed, poetic, heroic Mexican peon.

The peons stirred this boy reporter as romantically as the events of the war, or the glory of the mountains and Mexican sky. He was adventurous, yes; but he was capable of loving the common folk. And this held him along the correct political path.

I have known few intellectual renegades to the working class who were not inordinately vain of their book knowledge, or who had ever felt this love. If you will look down the dock at the current treason trials in the *Nation,* you will find few who have been close enough to the American people to see life through their eyes. But the whole activity of Communists must be based on the daily needs and problems of the masses. Otherwise,


Comrade Lenin:
Do you want me to say something about the American Negroes?
I am also on the Trade Union Commission, and so was Lete.
Reed
Yes Absolutely I do. It is necessary
Insert list of the speakers
Lenin

THIS RARE DOCUMENT *is a copy of a note John Reed passed to Lenin at the second congress of the Communist International, with Lenin's answer. Reed asked Lenin whether he should speak on the American Negro. Lenin thought it "absolutely necessary."*

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Lynd Ward

RETURNING *from the Soviet Union in February 1920, Reed was imprisoned by Finnish white guards. The drawing by the noted artist, Lynd Ward, depicts Reed during his three months of solitary confinement.*

Communism would forever remain in the libraries.

When Krupskaya said that Lenin "deeply loved the people" she did not mean it in the mystic sense of our Walt Whitman. The love of Lenin was more humble, human, and exact. It concerned itself with the amount of taxes the people paid, with their unemployment, their daily conflicts in the factory, the price of their bread and milk and clothing. Lenin studied their organizations, he planned in minute detail an organization that could free them from wage slavery.

John Reed's love had begun in the clouds of Whitmanism. It is a fine enough beginning for an American poet who wishes to serve his people; yet the danger of such abstract and Olympian love lies in the fact that its vague, large rhetoric is easily used by demagogues. An Archibald MacLeish has begun to talk in such Whitman strophes about democracy and the American people. But it is flattery designed for the purpose of using us in another imperialist war. You cannot interest the mystic MacLeishes in such lowly subjects as unemployment, rising food prices, and the segregation of the Negro-Americans. But in John Reed the adolescent love that Walt Whitman had aroused, matured into the more human, more real, and effective love that Lenin taught.

Let us remember that the "romantic" Harvard poet, John Reed, was an active participant in many strikes; that for several years he helped edit and write, in the midst of the post-war terror in America, a Party journal of Communist agitation and politics; that he served on dozens of committees in the anti-war campaign; that he made hundreds of speeches in defense of the USSR; that he was an organizer and a common soldier of the cause.

It is necessary to insist on this side of Reed's character. He had not merely read a few books and signed a petition or two. He had been active in the midst of the class struggle; nobody could ever tell him it wasn't there. And nothing could ever shake him out of knowing which side he was on.

John Reed was not a fellow traveler. He was a Communist Party-man. He had seen the Communist movement in the darkest hours of war and revolution. It worked. It was right about the World War. It was right about the Russian Revolution. It was right about American labor.

This year the anniversary of John Reed takes on a special poignance. The second round of war and revolution is upon us in this great century that is to see the end of capitalism. We are confronted with the same tests of personal manhood and social faith that Reed faced. He passed his examinations with a magnificence that some of us may now begin to understand. It is not the cowards, capitulators, and Philistines who carry on his tradition. The bourgeois world can have those prodigal sons; as Kropotkin once said of other renegades, "Let them go—we have had their best, anyway."

Let the fatted calf be killed in the *Nation* office, and the joybells ring in Wall Street when another weak and repentant sister returns with her sniveling tale of how a bewhiskered man named Marx seduced her.

But John Reed still lives. He still marches in the faithful ranks of the American intellectuals — thousands of them — organized in teachers' unions, youth congresses, newspaper guilds. . . . Let the renegades receive all the publicity. But the main army marches forward, heedless of persecution, bearing high and untarnished the great flag of human freedom—the flag of Shelley, Heine, Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Liebknecht, Henri Barbusse, Tom Paine, Abe Lincoln, James Connolly, Randolph Bourne, Gene Debs, and John Reed.

He belongs to us more deeply, significantly, fraternally than ever before, in this vast dangerous hour of stormy change. John Reed belongs to those who can never surrender their faith in the working class and its future.

MICHAEL GOLD.

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# Nicholas Miraculous on the Rampage Again

## Prof. H. W. L. Dana, dismissed from the Columbia faculty in 1917, tells in a letter to one of his former students how honest men feel about the "Great Panjandrum."

*Protest against President Butler's speech attacking academic freedom was so widespread that he was forced to beat a hasty retreat last week. Dr. Butler expressed "surprise" and pointed to his record. That record is as reassuring as Butler's original speech. While the friends of academic freedom have won a victory in compelling Dr. Butler to retreat verbally, it is clear that the threat remains, at Columbia and elsewhere.—The Editors.*

DEAR Jack: So Old Man Butler is at it again!

You will remember how it was when you as a student and I as a professor were at Columbia University a quarter of a century ago. You used to say that the education there was all canned and preserved; but some of us were canned and not preserved. Besides you and the other students who were thrown out, you remember the young instructors, whom President Butler was so fond of hiring and inspiring and firing. You remember his Commencement warning that any Columbia professor, guilty of treason, would be expelled. Finally, just twenty-three years ago this month, in October 1917, some six months after the United States had entered the first world war, from those of us who were regular members of the Columbia faculty he expelled two professors, sending a statement to the newspapers, referring to this earlier warning which these professors had disregarded, and thereby accusing them of treason.

Now treason, especially when the country is at war, is a serious charge punishable by death. If President Butler really believed these two professors guilty of treason against the United States, it was his patriotic duty to have them arrested and tried by the federal government, giving them their day in court and their constitutional right to "due process of law" and "public trial by an impartial jury" (see Articles V and VI of the Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution). He did no such thing. Not he! With a complete contempt of the federal courts, he usurped the place of the United States government and set himself up as judge and jury and all in a fury condemned them without any fair trial.

The statement that he gave to the newspapers about these two professors, making it impossible for them ever to get university jobs again, was so raw and so palpable a libel that when the older and shrewder professor sued Columbia University, the trustees, rather than let President Butler be shown up in his true colors, made haste to settle the matter out of court for $45,000. Even for the younger professor, as for you students, you remember that this being thrown out of Columbia was not really so terrible after all. It was like being dismissed from a narrow, restricted world into a large world, where one could move about with greater freedom. Butler's attitude used to remind me of that of a crazy fisherman who found two fish he did not like among those in his boat and tossed them out of the boat into the ocean saying: "I am throwing you out!" To which the two fish, as they struck the water, merrily replied: "You poor boob! You think you are throwing us out. You are really throwing us in!"

Now, I see by the papers, Nicholas Miraculous is on the rampage once more. Now some twenty-three years later, having increased still further in his dotage, he sets himself up not merely to pronounce judgment in place of the federal courts, but at a time when the United States is not at war, sets himself up in place of the President and Congress of the USA, to declare war, and, without waiting for the United States, announces that Columbia University has enlisted in the war.

In the meanwhile he seems to have learned a new technique, the technique that has been developed during these twenty-three intervening years in Italy and in Germany—the technique of fascism and Nazism. When the Nazis were celebrating the 200th anniversary of Heidelberg University, there were headlines declaring: "HITLER URGES THOSE WHOSE CONDUCT HAMPERS HIS LOFTY AIM TO RESIGN." Some of us realized then that Butler had learned Hitler's technique so well that it would only require the changing of the first two letters of this headline from "HI . . ." to "BU. . . ." to make the headline true of Butler. Now the Grand Old Man has obliged, and recently the New York *Times* carried almost exactly the same headline: "BUTLER URGES THOSE WHOSE CONDUCT HAMPERS HIS LOFTY AIM TO RESIGN."

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. For this imitation of Hitler at Heidelberg we were well prepared. When Oxford and Harvard and most of the English and American universities refused to send delegates to celebrate this Nazification of Heidelberg, President Butler of Columbia sent a delegate to Heidelberg to sanction the betrayal of academic freedom there. He even punished an anti-Nazi student at Columbia who ventured to protest against this approval of Hitlerism.

Of course he always tries to turn the tables on his opponents. In 1913, during the celebration of the twenty-fifth year of the German emperor on the throne, Butler boasted of having had breakfast with the kaiser, proudly displayed the "Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia (Second Class)," and tried to become the kaiser of Columbia. Then, a year or two later, when everyone was ready to can the kaiser, he was prepared to can as being "pro-kaiser" precisely those who had refused to kowtow to the kaiser as he had.

And now, after admiring and imitating the methods of Hitler and trying to become the Hitler of Columbia, as soon as we are told this is a "war against Hitlerism," Butler turns about again and is prepared to drive out precisely those who had been most opposed to Hitler and to fascism.

"Academic freedom," the major-domo of Morningside tells us, must be subordinated to "university freedom," which, interpreted, means the freedom of the professors must be subordinated to the freedom of the president of the university. His own freedom to do with those under him what he wished in the university must be "unhampered and unembarrassed by conduct on the part of any of its members."

There you have the perfect formula for tyranny—the enslavement of many to the will of one—the exact counterpart in America of Adolf Hitler.

Our Great Panjandrum himself likes to speak of the professors who "damaged the reputation of Columbia University." But when he dismissed America's greatest musical composer, Edward MacDowell, and one of America's subtlest poets, George Woodbury, it was their presence at Columbia that had added to Columbia's glory and their departure that damaged Columbia's reputation. It is those that have protested Butler's tyranny—such as Professor Boas, Professor Beard, Professor James Harvey Robinson, Professor Dewey, Professor Wesley Mitchell—who have given Columbia its high reputation. Butler himself must have been embarrassed when after dismissing one of you students in 1917 for writing a comic poem about him, he was later forced to present him with the Pulitzer Prize, and the portrait of this expelled student was used in an advertisement for the University as being one of the distinguished persons whom, as they put it, "Columbia gave to the world."

Columbia has been great, not on account of Butler, but in spite of Butler. It is made up of the quiet indefatigable work in libraries and laboratories of thousands and thousands of obscure scholars, many of whom have never had the honor of seeing Butler or even Butler's butler.

If Butler sometimes mistakes himself for Columbia, sometimes, by still more inflated magnitude, he mistakes himself and the crowd he plays with for the entire world. You may have noticed in this speech of his that he holds out as the best hope of the world after the war an international body such as that that met at "Chatham House, London, 1935," which he recommends to us by telling us that it was "endorsed by the unanimous vote

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of the International Chamber of Commerce." Do you remember the high-hat conference that he refers to? It was presided over by two marquises. There were a viscount or two, a few lords, and twelve sirs. The tyrant at home on 116th Street is a toady, overpowered in the presence of the British aristocracy. Then there were presidents of the chambers of commerce and governors of the banks of various European countries. The conference was said to represent "every form of financial interest." Accordingly Butler, who is himself a member of the Chamber of Commerce, assures us that it was the most important world conference ever held for peace. The World Congress at Amsterdam, to be sure, represented many more millions. But that was millions of human beings, and this was, what Butler held far more important —millions of dollars. His idea is that such a group "meeting unofficially and informally and untrammeled by instructions or obligations" should rule the post-war world. Such is the hope that he holds out for us in this speech.

As one of the students who were expelled twenty-three years ago, you will remember Butler's famous phrase: "Students are only incidental to a university." It is much like his feeling that workers are only incidental in the world. I hope you noticed in Butler's recent address that he again declared that academic freedom did not apply to students —only to "accomplished scholars." You will remember that he did not call students "students," but, being an "accomplished scholar" himself, spoke of them as "those who are in statu pupillari." (Isn't he learned?).

It was as an "accomplished scholar" that twenty-three years ago he accused one of the Columbia professors he was expelling of having committed the unpardonable crime of "associating with East Side Jews." In his anti-Semitism, too, he follows the Hitler pattern. Later, the great vulgarian, who has a genius for platitudes, tried to explain this away by saying "many of my best friends are Jews" and angrily tried to make the professor promise not to repeat what he had said against Jews—a promise which the professor refused to make.

Again when Czar Nicholas wanted to find an argument for disciplining trade unions or in favor of child labor, he turned to Burton Stevenson's *Home Book of Quotations* and quoted Longfellow as backing him up in speaking of "the joy that springs from labor." Being an "accomplished scholar" he did not need to look the passage up in its context, where he would have found that this was not Longfellow's own sentiment, but one put into the mouth of one of the characters in a play.

Finally, in his speech once more, it is amusing to see how as an "accomplished scholar" he tells us that we must not "be misled by phrases or by formulas" and then goes on to give us, as the most profound analysis of the world situation that he is capable of, the formula that it is a "war between beasts and human beings." In one sentence he tells us that the ideal of a university consists in not being hampered by "religious or political tenets" and then, in the next paragraph but one, declares that a professor must stick to the political tenets of the university just as "a member of the church" must stick to its religious tenets.

There is no question that Butler wrote this speech himself. Don't accuse his secretaries of having written it. They don't write quite as badly as that!

Yours for a new and greater Columbia.

HARRY W. L. DANA.

# Why Is The Franchise Denied?

*On October 9 the Committee on Election Rights—1940 of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties held a mass meeting in New York City to protest the nationwide attack against the election rights of minority parties. Among the noted speakers was Dr. Walter Rautenstrauch, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University. The following is the speech he delivered.*

THIS meeting is an answer to all the dictators of Europe. It is also an answer to the aspiring dictators of local origin. It demonstrates the dynamic of the democratic process.

We are here to draw conclusions from the evidence, and we are here to act on the evidence. It is a fundamental principle of democracy, would that we spoke of it more often, that no one shall enjoy a right that can not be shared by each and every one of his fellow citizens. No one should enjoy a political advantage, a social advantage, nor an economic advantage over his fellow men. To preserve our democracy this fundamental principle must be maintained.

The denial of the franchise to vote constitutes a focal point of social infection. That must be eradicated from the body politic; it must be excised, it must be cut out, removed, so that the poison of this virus does not spread and infect every activity and every institution of our democracy.

Furthermore, this meeting demonstrates that we are not interested merely in the *beliefs* of those who are charged with the responsibility of administering the rules and regulations which we have adopted for carrying on this process we call civilization. It is not the beliefs we are interested in; we are interested in the specific performances. We insist and we will see to it, that every right accruing to every citizen in our democracy will be preserved.

We also must ask ourselves the question—why is the franchise being denied? What are the roots of this problem? Why should anyone be interested in not allowing any individual to express himself in this democratic nation? Can it be for any other reason than to acquire and exercise control, not only over that individual, but over all the processes we use in living together, in order to gain political advantage, in order to gain a social advantage, in order to gain economic advantage?

When we uncover the roots of this problem we find that they center at three points. One, the desire to control the raw materials of the earth, one of the fundamental causes, now, of the European and Asiatic conflict. The second point is the access to the tools of production. That conflict is now going on within our borders and is a focal point at which adjustment must be made if we are to preserve the democratic process, the right to work, access to the means of production.

In the early days of this republic, when property rights were defined and rules for their protection were inaugurated, property consisted very largely of the means the individual held for making a living. Today property rights have a very different meaning. They mean among other things the right to withdraw from social use in order to gain an economic advantage. That right must not rest with any individual. or group of individuals, for so long as that right is exercised, our democracy is imperiled. The third point is the distribution of the products of labor. We must provide a workable means by which the products of labor may be distributed in order to sustain and develop our economy. It is these three focal points which lie at the root of the problem we are met to discuss this evening.

Furthermore we need the driving force of a high ideal. We need to have that dynamic in our society which will make us immune to the social diseases which encumber us. That dynamic, that high ideal can not be maintained alone by a few individuals, but must permeate the very fabric of this nation, and must arise from the vitality of every individual in this nation. That vitality is preserved and maintained by each individual having the right to vote, having the right to express himself, and present his opinions. And acting upon that right, may we at this meeting realize fully the implications of the problem which is being presented to us, and may we act with diligence and force to maintain the civil liberties of the American people.

WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH.

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# Mr. Hillman Crawls

## Knudsen ignored the Wagner act in handing out billions of dollars in contracts. Mr. Hillman's apologetics.

*Washington*

ON THE average of at least two or three times a week some columnist puts forward the idea that John L. Lewis is on the way out as president of the CIO. Lewis, it seems, has committed suicide by refusing to endorse President Roosevelt for a third term. Vice President Philip Murray is usually slated as the nominal successor to Lewis, while Sidney Hillman is to be the strong man behind the scenes. These rumors are turned out by pro-Roosevelt writers and are maliciously untrue. Actually it is Sidney Hillman who has abdicated his place as a leader of American workers. Nothing has emerged more clearly out of the entire controversy over government rewards for violators of the Wagner act.

Hillman, the "labor statesman," as he likes to be known, was figuratively on his hands and knees throughout his performance before the Smith committee. A week earlier he had told newspapermen flatly: "From this time no contracts will be awarded to firms which violate federal labor laws." But when the reactionaries on the committee demanded an explanation, Hillman was not even prepared to state whether he had any recommendations or proposals to the Defense Commission for making good his promise to prevent Wagner act violators from getting government contracts. The Defense Commission does everything by unanimous decision, Hillman explained. After all, his colleagues might disagree with what he told the committee, and where would the unanimous record be then? National unity, he said, should start in the Defense Commission itself.

### HE WENT ALONG

It is now clear, then, that Hillman shared responsibility for the unanimous decision of the Defense Commission to endorse peacetime conscription. He was thus the only head of any important labor union to go on record for the Burke-Wadsworth bill before it was passed by Congress. And Hillman was a party to the outrageous lobbying of the Defense Commission for tax concessions to big business. Hillman also joined with his fellow commissioners in balking the mild attempt of the Treasury Department to give the government some say about the disposition of defense plants for which it paid. He went along on all this and more.

While Knudsen was busy helping his fellow industrialists, Hillman was stalling off labor's demand that the government penalize violators of the National Labor Relations Act. Lewis, after three years of trying to get remedial legislation passed, had finally asked the President to issue an executive order forcing compliance with labor laws by firms holding government contracts. The President stalled a while longer, and finally rejected the proposal. In July of this year Lewis turned to Hillman, who among his many duties is supposed also to be vice president of the CIO, and urged him to ask for an executive order from the President. Hillman said no in a letter recently made public.

### STATEMENTS AND DEMANDS

The labor statesman's most effective device for stalling was to get the Defense Commission to break out in a veritable rash of statements. Knudsen didn't object to statements at that time. He actually endorsed them. CIO officials promptly pointed out that these statements simply said that firms "should comply" with labor laws; there was nothing mandatory in them. Meanwhile Knudsen and the army and navy boys were giving out contracts to the lawbreakers, including Bethlehem Steel and Ford. The CIO leaders continued to make their demands. When the shipyard workers at Bethlehem's Sparrow Point plant struck with the active backing of the CIO steel union, Hillman became frantic. He called a press conference and issued some verbal promises, including one that no more Wagner act violators would get contracts. There was still the little question as to whether a company would be considered a violator only after a Labor Board decision had gathered dust in the courts for a few years. So Hillman passed the ball to Jackson and asked for the law on this point. Jackson passed the ball back to Hillman and said that the law was clear: a company must be considered a violator after a Labor Board ruling unless the ruling was upset by the courts. The central question was neither asked nor answered: after it was established that firms had violated the Wagner act, what was the government going to do about it?

But suddenly the people who should have been most grateful started kicking Hillman in the face. The reactionary newspapers shrieked blue murder at the Hillman-Jackson play. Rep. Howard Smith threatened to put through a bill which would have effectively prevented any ruling by a government agency from being binding until the courts had passed on it. Even good old Bill Knudsen slapped his friend Sidney around. Knudsen told the Army Ordnance Association that the Defense Commission "has no authority and does not want to undertake the job of enforcing the labor laws," and refused flatly to accept Jackson's evasive ruling. To emphasize the point, the Navy Department handed Bethlehem Steel $54,000,000 for plant expansion the day after Hillman and Jackson had backed down before the Smith committee; and incidentally, the day after the circuit court in Boston ruled that Bethlehem had violated the Wagner act.

Why was Hillman treated so cavalierly by his friends? Knudsen supplied the answer in his speech to the Ordnance Association. He said that $8,253,000,000 in contracts had already been cleared, and that all of the remaining $4,000,000,000 would be allotted by the end of November. In other words, the Defense Commission is presenting labor with a *fait accompli* as far as the awarding of contracts to Wagner act violators is concerned. So Hillman's apologetics are no longer needed. As a matter of fact, misleading promises at this stage may be downright harmful in increasing the expectations and demands of the trade unions.

Knudsen has from the beginning held the whip hand on the Defense Commission. His position now is stronger than ever. The Republicans are trying to persuade him to come out with a blast at Roosevelt on the grounds that the administration is interfering with national defense and the election of Willkie is needed in the interests of national defense and unity. The President is anxious to keep him in line. And big Bill is driving a hard bargain.

### SPLENDID COOPERATION

Hillman has been taking kicks in the face from his associates like a good little boy. Just after Secretary of the Navy Knox and Assistant Secretary of War Patterson testified that they would go right on rewarding corporate law breakers with contracts, Hillman praised the "splendid cooperation" he had had from their department as well as from employers. It turned out that he had asked Jackson for an opinion only because "there have been many letters sent to me by labor organizations, by individuals, charging the National Defense Commission with abetting the violations of law," and he had to find something to tell them. Besides, he didn't even know whether these companies were really violating the law, and he was just trying to find out. "I did not feel, myself, competent to even make the simple announcement whether they are or they are not in violation of the law." He said that he had never as much as asked the Justice, War, or Navy Departments to do anything in terms of penalizing the law breakers. The heads of these departments readily confirmed his statements to this effect. "My responsibilities as a member of the Commission in charge of labor are the responsibilities to see that there is a sufficient labor supply, to see that there is no interruption of work," Hillman said.

Thus Hillman reveals himself as a front for the du Ponts on the Defense Commission. He is no longer responsible to the labor movement. His job is to make promises to labor in order to keep it quiet. Not all trade unionists are wise to Hillman as yet, and not all of them are wise to Roosevelt either. But they are catching on fast. The facts about Hillman's sell-out will get around to the workers. The columnists are deceiving themselves if they think that American labor in 1940 will turn to a door mat for its leadership.

ADAM LAPIN.

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# Oklahoma Okays Hitler

## The state that exiled thousands of families to hungry migrations gives Robert Wood ten years in jail. What's happening in the "criminal syndicalism" cases.

"I will prosecute you.
Come, I'll take no denial
We must have a trial
For, really, this morning
I've nothing to do. . . .
"I'll be judge
I'll be jury"
Said cunning Old
Fury.
"I'll try
the whole cause
and condemn
you
to
death."
[The Mouse's Tale from *Alice in Wonderland*]

"WIPE that smile off your face, or I'll have somebody come over and wipe it off for you. . . . Sit down and keep still or I'll see that you get a trial without a jury and get it quick. . . . It's criminal sin-*die*-kalism, that's what it is—it's sa-*butt*-ige, con-spir-*aicy*. . . ." No, dear reader, what follows "Alice" is not more of the same. It was said in deadly earnest in Oklahoma City, Okla. Its equivalent is being said as this is written *in a court-room,* where trials are in progress, trials by means of which Oklahoma authorities hope to send eight and possibly twelve men and women to the state penitentiary for twenty years each under the criminal syndicalism law.

A mere statement of the facts of the Oklahoma cases sounds fantastic. First and foremost is the fact that the Bill of Rights has been thrown to the winds—without pretense, without any fine sounding phrases. Aided and abetted by the FBI which announced to the local press that it *"has started compiling a private record for its files on the defendants in these cases,"* by an outfit that calls itself Emergency Defense Battalion (Sam Sullivan, secretary), by jailers who wear American Legion caps and refer to their charges as "Jew bastard" and ask them "where do you want your body shipped"—the prosecution is driving hard to win its case.

### HOMES RAIDED

It began on Aug. 17, 1940, when five homes were raided with liquor search warrants (Oklahoma is dry), by Oklahoma's police under the personal supervision of Assistant County Attorney John Eberle who is now waving the red herring for the state in the courtroom. Simultaneously, a posse was stationed at the Progressive Book Shop to pick up anyone who happened to come in, and to cart off some four thousand volumes, booklets, and other printed material picked up from the shelves. Eighteen men and women were "bagged" in this fashion.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lewis and their son Orval, age 17. Mr. Lewis was born in Cherokee County, Kansas—the eighth generation of his family in the United States. "My grandmother Lewis' name before she was married was Brown. She was fairly well acquainted with Abraham Lincoln after they both moved to Illinois," he tells us.

Among them was Herbert Brausch, born in Wyoming, raised in Texas where he helped found the Farmer Labor Union of America (affiliated with the AFL), until it was *"discouraged, disorganized, and finally broken up by terrorists in the form of the Ku Klux Klan or other hoodlums robed and masked as Klansmen."* After this he became a successful farmer and fruit raiser in Colorado and Oklahoma until *"depression forced me off the land. I took to construction work, helped found the Common Laborer's Union, became continuous delegate from this group to the Central Trades and Labor Council—all the time working for big construction companies which built the county court house, hospitals, and the county jail."* His six small children range in age from 15 months to 9 years.

Among them were Robert Wood, state secretary of the Communist Party, and his wife. And among them was a young man from New York who, with his wife and baby had come to Oklahoma City on a long leisurely trip, finishing up a summer vacation begun on a New Hampshire farm.

In a way, this story best typifies what has happened to law and order in Oklahoma. This young man is charged with criminal syndicalism—with an attempt to overthrow the government of Oklahoma by force and violence. He was there, for the first time in his life, for two and a half weeks (two of them in jail in prison stripes). On the morning of Saturday, August 17, he was out for a walk with his eighteen-months'-old baby. Returning to give her her lunch, he found a stranger in the house where he was visiting whom he innocently assumed to be a friend of the people of the house, and with whom he spent a half hour discussing the relative merits of canned spinach for babies. At the end of the half hour the stranger was joined by six "boy friends" whose identity was pretty clear. Just the same, they "announced" they were from the police. One of them turned out to be none other than Assistant County Attorney John Eberle. They didn't ask questions. They shoved the young man around and told him that he was a "commissar" from New York, that he was transporting Moscow gold, that the baby wasn't his but a "front," that maybe they'd better hold him for kidnapping, that maybe they'd better put the baby in the County Hospital anyway, etc., etc., etc.

### REFUSED ATTORNEYS

It was only when they met inside the jail that the various victims of the raids found out what had happened to the rest. They didn't get much chance to talk because several were thrown into solitary and all were held incommunicado for at least three days. All attempts to contact the defendants were in vain. Telephone calls to the jail resulted in the following conversation: "We don't know where they are and if we did we wouldn't tell you." "How long will you keep them there?" "Until after the war."

Even after some of them were finally arraigned, charged with criminal syndicalism, held in $100,000 (yes, one hundred thousand dollars) bail each, attorneys could not see

### *Ten Years, $5,000*

A HIGHLY important postscript must be added to Miss Small's story on this page: after one hour of deliberation, the jury handed down a verdict of guilty against the first defendant, Robert Wood —with a sentence of *ten years* in prison *and* a $5,000 fine! The defense is already at work laying the ground for an appeal to the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals; it is also attempting to secure a postponement in the trials of the other seven defendants until a decision has been made on Wood's appeal.

The first ten days of the trial in Pittsburgh, of forty-three men and women involved in soliciting signatures to the Communist ballot petition, had some discouraging developments for the prosecution. Numerous witnesses have retracted their testimony to the Grand Jury of last June that the accused obtained signatures by concealing the Communist nature of the petition. In June, the witnesses explained, they had been "scared" or "bewildered" after the press had published the names of all petition signers and Martin Dies had sent them threatening letters. One man had been afraid he would lose his relief check. Another, blacklisted by his employers (the Firth-Sterling Steel Corp.) for signing, had been assured he would get his job back if he told the Grand Jury that the petition had been "misrepresented" to him. Judge J. Frank Graff (an American Legion leader) prevented counsel for the defense from introducing evidence proving that the signers must have been aware of the Communist nature of the petitions. Naturally the judge, whose prejudice against the accused is well known, is averse to any evidence refuting the prosecution's charge that the defendants had collected signatures under false pretenses and engaged in conspiracy to violate the election laws. There is conspiracy in Pennsylvania—against free elections and the Bill of Rights—but the guilty are not on trial.

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them. The jailer said *"No"* and that was that. First he said no because it was visiting day and he was too busy to arrange for private consultation. Then he said no because how did he know whether the lawyer was in good standing with the Oklahoma Bar Association —had he paid his dues? After the Oklahoma Bar Association assured him, over the telephone, that Attorney Stanley J. Belden, who is connected with the American Civil Liberties Union, was most certainly in good standing he said no anyway—because how did he know that the man before him was Stanley J. Belden?

Mr. Belden, incidentally, has reason to know the ways of Oklahoma authorities at first hand. He's from Cushing, Okla., and a courageous defender of civil rights. Only a short time before these cases broke, he had gone into Guthrie, Okla., to defend a member of Jehovah's Witnesses. He arrived in the court room in time to see two old farmers "thrown into the clink" (read forcibly seized by a number of police officers, beaten, and put into a cell without charges) because they had said the one word "Yes" in answer to the judge's question as to whether or not they were members of Jehovah's Witnesses too. They had come to post bond for the witness Belden was supposed to defend. Belden stepped forward. The judge wanted to know "Are you a member of Jehovah's Witnesses?" Belden said "No." "Then kiss the flag," shouted the judge. Belden started to explain why he wouldn't do any such thing under the circumstances and was himself thrown into the clink. Hours later, when fellow attorneys had contacted a district judge who called the jail and urged that Belden be released or that charges be placed against him, the jailers led Belden to a back room, showed him a window, and told him he was free to go. Right outside the window were from fifty to seventy-five vigilantes armed with pick ax handles. Belden insisted on staying in jail until adequate protection was provided for his exit.

### WOOD'S TRIAL FIRST

The state had set September 17 as trial date in the Oklahoma criminal syndicalism case. Efforts to secure a postponement to give the defense a chance to prepare its case looked pretty slim. Samuel A. Neuburger of New York, chairman of the Legal Staff of the International Labor Defense, had arrived in Oklahoma City on September 16 to help the defense. He tried to see the prisoners. The jailer not only said, "No," but added, "I'm not sure I'll even bring them out for Croom now." (George Croom of Tulsa had by this time been added to defense counsel by the local Oklahoma Defense Committee.) Prosecutor Eberle stormed against postponement—*"We're all ready,"* he said, *"We've got our jury picked."* The defense finally forced the state to give the victims until September 30—the defendants to be tried one at a time.

Robert Wood's case came first. The charge —remember—is criminal syndicalism. In newspaper statements before the trial began the prosecution had made no secret of the fact that its case was not based on anything the defendants were supposed to have done. No act or crime of any sort was charged against them. The state's entire case would be based on the evidence illegally seized in the raids on their homes and from a book store.

"The state's evidence will show that Josef Stalin has taken a great interest in this country," Prosecutor Eberle told the jury—all business men. "We'll bring you a picture taken at the University of Oklahoma showing colored and white people standing together. . . . We merely will read excerpts from these books and that in itself will show violation of the law. . . . We will introduce a pamphlet called *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier for Wall Street."*

How about the judge? His name is Ben Arnold. Three of his actions describe him best. When the defense contended that the evidence was invalid because it had been illegally secured, he conceded that there "may have been something faulty in the warrants" but added that for his part the sheriffs might have disposed with warrants altogether. When Belden attempted to say something at one point in the trial, he admonished him, "Whenever you see the judge is with you, don't argue with him. He might change his mind." When the defense tried to present its only witness, a student, to prove that all the books in the state's case were available at the University library he ruled his testimony out entirely stating, "the defendant could not commit a crime and then defend himself on grounds someone else had done the same thing."

The defense is being conducted by three men—Stanley J. Belden, George Croom (he had his jaw broken in Claremore, Okla., about a year ago when he was helping test the constitutionality of a local leaflet distribution ordinance), and the veteran labor attorney David J. Bentall of Illinois sent into the case by the International Labor Defense. They have been doing a heroic job of defending their clients. What they are up against is further illustrated by these two quotes from Oklahoma's local press:

The head reads: JURORS STUDY SOVIET READERS.

> Reading of songs and stories, and looking at pictures depicting life in Russia, Wednesday occupied most of the time of a district court jury trying Robert Wood, state Communist Party secretary on a criminal syndicalism charge. . . .
>
> Before the jury was dismissed, Captain Dan Hollingsworth, head of the police intelligence bureau, read from books intended for Russian school children. One of these told about "how good the hot soup smells. It will keep us warm all day. . . . All children in America do not get hot lunches every day. All children in England do not get hot lunches every day."

The dismissal of the jury referred to occurred over the first week-end during the trial. Repeated battle by the defense to rule out as irrelevant most of the literature presented by the state in its "case," resulted in Judge Arnold's announcement that the jury was dismissed and that he would study the books himself over the week-end.

Oklahoma's case actually amounts to something like this: Wood and the seven, or possibly eleven, other persons facing twenty years on criminal syndicalism charges are guilty of attempting to overthrow the government of the United States in general and of Oklahoma in particular, by force and violence, because these books (chiefly the *Communist Manifesto,* Lenin's *State and Revolution,* Stalin's *Leninism)* with which they are vaguely connected might be read by people who might after reading them get the idea that they ought to try some force and violence.

### TO HIGHER COURT

That's what's happening in Oklahoma City today. The facts have been placed before the Attorney General of the United States, all the justices of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the federal and state authorities in Oklahoma, by Congressman Vito Marcantonio, president of the ILD which is engaged in developing a nation-wide campaign of support behind the Oklahoma defense. Attorney General Jackson has made no reply to the open letter sent him by Mr. Marcantonio.

Whatever the outcome of the present trials, the Oklahoma cases will be fought through to a successful conclusion—all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary, the ILD announces. The ILD won a criminal syndicalism case there a few years ago and that victory led to the repeal of Oregon's criminal syndicalism law. That was when Dirk De Jonge didn't go to the state penitentiary in Oregon for seven years for making a speech in Portland.

The Oklahoma criminal syndicalism law is twenty-one years old. It grew out of the Green Corn Rebellion there against the world war of 1917. Altogether three people were prosecuted under it before the present cases. In all three cases the defense won in the higher state courts.

If you aren't willing to sit idly by—and we're sure you aren't—you can write John Eberle a reminder about the Bill of Rights. And so that it will stick, you might suggest that the next time he enters the county courthouse where the trials are now in progress, he look up at the facade. He'll see graven into the stone some fine words by Thomas Jefferson: *"Equal and exact justice for all, of whatever state or persuasion, regardless of race, religion or political beliefs."*

SASHA SMALL.

## Stock Market Note

COMMENTING on the rise in Wall Street activity recently, Edward H. Collins, New York *Herald Tribune* associate financial editor, says: "Since the present war began the market has risen every time it has appeared that the conflict was to be long continued; contrariwise, it has fallen at every hint of an early peace, whether through agreement or through conquest."

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# Strictly Personal by RUTH McKENNEY

## The Champ Himself

IT's a cruel, cruel thing to watch, this presidential campaign. There's poor old Wendell, sweating furiously up and down the land, huffing and puffing and boning up on what Lincoln said and where or why, spraining his tonsils, memorizing the figures in the national debt, and riding the Pullman trains interminably.

And there in the other corner, ladies and gents, I give you The Champ—the one with the purple silk bathrobe, old Brer Fox, the squire of 23 Wall St.* Does The Champ talk himself hoarse in Topeka, Kan.? A thousand times no! Just for the record, you never caught The Champ talking himself out of his tonsils *anywhere*—a bit of amateur vulgarity, that throat fracture business, eh?

No, indeed. President Roosevelt sits snug and safe in the White House, far from the extremely madding crowd, conducting the slickest campaign in American history. In a way, it's rather a pity this is 1940 and the whole presidential shebang is marked up "No Contest." For a gentleman of the president's well known sporting blood, the November election must seem downright boring.

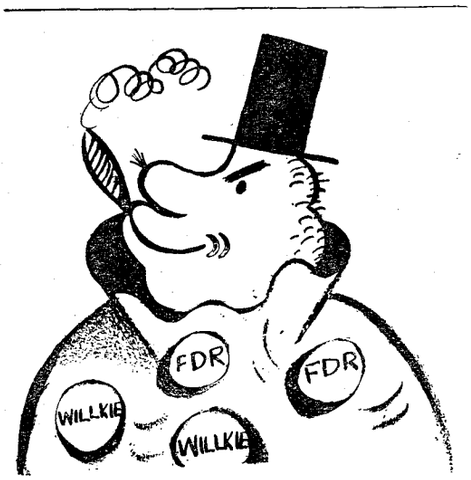
But even shadow boxing can be amusing if you just put your heart in it, and there's not the slightest doubt that Ye Exxe Friende of Ye Laboring Manne is having himself a time down there in Washington, contemplating Messr. Willkie, Ed Wynn's only rival for the perfect you-know-what. Or I guess that's unjust. It should be: The perfect stooge.

But before we go into the odd antics of the Roosevelt loyal opposition, draw up a chair to the fireside, friends, and let's dream back to the spring of this year. It's May or thereabouts, and the Roosevelt clan is beginning to dust down to the White House to see what Pop has in mind by way of getting himself elected come November. One fact shines out bright and clear: Pop won't have a chance if the Republicans put up something that even looks like a peace candidate. For some infuriating reason, the American people have been getting out of hand of late—out of Pop's hand, that is. It appears that in spite of the newspapers, radio, movies, and what have you, the people who live in the United States, the and-so-forths who do the work, do NOT want war, and do NOT cotton to a program of American imperialist expansion.

So. President Roosevelt, I am the first to admit, is no slouch when it comes to practical politics. The maestro, we call him at our dinner table. The plot back in May was to get the Republican machine politicians, who were (and are) lean and hungry for want of a little gravy on their bread, to nominate a war candidate. The squire had everything doped out from there on in. His campaign began and ended in Philadelphia at the Republican convention; there must have been a couple of moments in there when the old Roosevelt heart missed a beat and the breath came fast. Taft was certainly no glamor pants, but President Roosevelt knew he'd have trouble shellacking him — because Taft, a quaint, old fashioned, Republican isolationist, allowed as how he was agin the draft and agin the war. Any right-minded man could get positively faint thinking about what would almost certainly happen if the electorate thought it had a chance to vote against conscription. Even if the candidate was Taft. Even then.

But the du Ponts and the Morgans came through handsomely for Roosevelt and war. Willkie got the nod to go through the campaign motions for a Republican party that decided to give its all, even honor, even victory, for assorted juicy war contracts and maybe Brazil. Or anyway Argentina.

Well, after the Philadelphia affair, Brer Fox could sit back and coast. It was all over but the shouting, although there was plenty of that coming. President Roosevelt must have enjoyed plotting the little details, though, for the window dressing. He had Willkie figured (correctly) for a bucking bronco type, all tonsils and energy, glittering smiles, and brawling promises, with a mitful of pretty plans to plagiarize the first two Roosevelt campaigns. So the squire did a reverse on him, and a nasty trick it was too. Ah, where, where is the Roosevelt smile this campaign? Where is the amiable old smoothie who used to ride a mean presidential train, crooning at voters lined up in railroad yards? President Roosevelt hasn't smiled since Willkie took up the idea, and he has managed—without putting it in words—to let the American public gather the notion that all this fiddle faddle of riding trains and shaking people's hands is really a little vulgar, and old hat.



A. Jamison

Instead, our grave, our earnest President appears in the newsreels, his voice projected against the soft strains of the *Star Spangled Banner,* uttering dignified homilies about national defense and this grave emergency and so forth and so on. If I were Willkie I would go right out and bawl. You can't beat the *Star Spangled Banner* and that rich baritone voice intoning majestic phrases about unity. Or rather, you can beat it. You can simply back it off the map. But not by saying, "I can do it better."

Of course the President has his little problems, such as the labor vote. The labor vote has been very stubborn, very irritating. The labor vote goes around complaining about WPA cuts, housing cuts, health cuts, the war policies, and other items. In fact the labor vote got so badly out of hand that the President's boys have gone to the extent of ordering the Communist Party removed from the ballot of a number of states, for fear the people would vote Communist in alarming numbers. Since this reduces the chance anybody has of voting for peace, the President can breathe easier. And then of course he has Sidney Hillman. Exclamation points!!!

The squire has added a few furbelows to his campaign strategy. They weren't really necessary, of course, but the President likes to keep his hand in. So besides posing for pictures with airplanes, tanks, the draft bill, and Lord Lothian, President Roosevelt added K. Hepburn, Mayor LaGuardia, and Mr. Lerner, just for the fun of the thing. Mr. Lerner was labeled a "liberal." There was also some talk of "progressive" support. Freda Kirchwey was the "progressive."

But all these little details are just the sugar on the doughnut. The squire turned the trick in Philadelphia and, barring accidents, he'll win in a walk. I sometimes think he gets up these newsreel effects just to irritate Willkie and amuse himself. You must admit the strategy is pretty slick—the grave, deadpan approach, the quaver in the voice, the flag waving gently behind his chair (no doubt agitated artistically by a hidden fan), the "rockets' red glare" dubbed in behind his elegant voice.

It's terrific. It's a wow. It's The Champ himself.

And it's also the American people being sold into the blood and slavery of an imperialist war. The 1940 presidential campaign makes me sick to my stomach.

*Bud Morgan hangs out there.

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# The Book-Burnings Begin

## The story of Professor Rugg and his textbooks. "Subversive," said Merwin K. Hart, apologist for fascism. Who started the campaign and why.

UP IN Concord, N. H., recently a lady named Grace P. Amsden wrote a hot letter to the local *Monitor-Patriot,* bewailing the rapid spread of Fifth Columns. Getting down to cases, she cited Professors George Counts and Harold Rugg as the authors of much treasonable business. (Ironically, not even Counts' recent Red-baiting has brought him absolution.) For years, she said, the American Legion and notably the DAR have been carrying on crusades against the use of their textbooks in the schools. After building her case for banning the books in Concord she wound up triumphantly with "We have no less an authority than President Roosevelt as to the damage already done throughout the nation's schools." And she forthwith quoted approvingly that Rooseveltian steal from *Mein Kampf:* "Gentlemen, I am going to choke Americanism down the throats of American youngsters, whether they like it or not." (Quote from Ray Tucker's Washington letter in the "National Whirligig" column, *Brooklyn Eagle,* September 11.)

So there you have it. From the President and Big Business down through the American Legion and the DAR to Miss Grace Amsden of Concord, N. H. It is an assault upon freedom and democracy in public education that has forced itself into every corner of the land. And the case of Harold Rugg's textbooks is one test case of freedom's survival.

### "SUBVERSIVE"?

What horrors do the Rugg books contain? Are they printed in red ink or stamped with a hammer and sickle? There is no resemblance between any of Rugg's textbooks and those published in the Soviet Union. Nor have any of Rugg's paragraphs been borrowed from a Communist pamphlet. What outrages the Chamber of Commerce are a few simple facts about American history and the way American business works. It was in the early twenties that Professor Rugg first tried his hand at making schoolbooks more readable for the school children he had observed droning through them year after year. With the help of Rockefeller money he wrote books for elementary and junior high school pupils that jumped the walls between history, geography, and civics and brought them together.

His series of texts that soon became so popular was known as *Man and His Changing Society.* Even that adjective "changing" seems to be a red flag before the bull's eye of an advertising impresario. Among the titles in the series are *Our Country and Our People, Changing Civilizations in the Modern World,* and *A History of American Government and Culture.* In choosing photographs to illustrate his books, Rugg thought a shot of a migratory worker or a sharecropper was all right, too. Aren't they part of "Our Country and Our People"? But his accusers rule them out of the American scene. They just don't exist.

Five years ago the Federation of Citizens Associations of Washington, D. C., accused Rugg and two others of advocating Communism in their textbooks. The Board of Education said no. A lone straw in the wind, it attracted little attention. But two years ago a retired army major, Augustin G. Rudd, of Garden City, L. I., put his tin hat back on and charged into Rugg. He got the school system to mark the books "un-American" and throw them out. Having won his point, the major got a good press. Educators worried.

A year passed. Then up popped Merwin K. Hart in Binghamton, N. Y. to address the local Exchange Club on "Subversive Activities in the Schools." He wanted the Rugg books "purged" he said, and the local press goose-stepped behind him. Superintendent of Schools Daniel J. Kelly, other school officials, and the Binghamton Council of Parents and Teachers defended Rugg, but the Board of Education beat them down and the purge went through on April 17. Two board members proposed a public book-burning.

### OTHER TOWNS FOLLOW

Fired by the Binghamton case and the growing hysteria over "national defense," business bigwigs in town after town stopped reading the financial columns long enough to take a look into the school library. And where they found a Rugg textbook they bore it triumphantly to the local paper and demanded editorials against it. Pressure from the paper, the Legion, the Chamber of Commerce soon resulted in the removal of Rugg's books from a large number of schools. Among those reported following Binghamton's example are Mountain Lakes and Wayne Township, N. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Hornell, Olean and Rome, N. Y., and Manhasset, L. I.

Banning Rugg's books has not been enough for some enthusiasts. In March, a member of the Virginia State Legislature called for the burning of all books at the University of Virginia dealing with "Communism, Nazism, or any other isms." A few weeks later the vice-president of the School Board of Bradner, Ohio, grabbed some books which he considered tainted with subversive doctrines, from the high school library, and built a bonfire of them. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reported that "when Rev. William Wiegman, who is president of the board, ridiculed the Communist scare, a fiery cross was burned on his doorstep."

The press notes other towns where fascist-minded business men are plowing under free education. In San Diego, Calif., the school superintendent told the Chamber of Commerce Educational Committee that no more of Rugg's books would be purchased and suitable replacements would be found. A day later Sweetwater and Coronado of the same state saw the books on the way out, with American Legion representatives testifying against them. On the 15th of this month the school superintendent of Chattanooga, Tenn., said that if any of the books listed in an American Legion Monthly article as "red" were to be found in the schools, he personally favored letting them go.

### FRANCO SUPPORTER TALKS

Who are the individuals and organizations behind this textbook purge? And why are they doing it? Merwin K. Hart is head of the New York State Economic Council, a non-governmental outfit that grinds the ax of economy day in and day out for its wealthy taxpaying sponsors. No progressive legislative measure ever comes before New York without some heavy lobbying against it by Hart. He was also one of Franco's most loyal American supporters. Hart tipped his hand in the textbook drive in a letter recently printed in the Adirondack *Daily Enterprise:* "On page 231 [of Harold Rugg's *The Great Technology*] Rugg says that this program will include the doubling, even the quadrupling, of the national educational budget, raising the question whether the enormous rise in school budgets in recent years is not a phenomenon for which the theories of Professor Rugg and other advocates of so-called progressive education are not partly responsible."

There you have the case for economy confessed, and in another statement Hart reveals the more fundamental objection: "The Rugg books tend clearly to undermine the faith of the pupils in private enterprise—in the American system out of which American public education (the costliest in the world) is maintained." Even in this moment of fundamentals he could not stay a tear for taxation.

Advertisers and publishers, linked by the bonds of interchanging business, have also kicked the Rugg football around. The Advertising Federation of America, through Alfred T. Falk, director of its Research and Education Bureau, has swamped advertising and business men with pamphlets putting them on their guard against the Rugg menace. Falk points to the handwriting on the wall, if the younger generation should have its trust in advertising undermined by textbooks which are pretty frank about such questions as who pays the cost of advertising.

That mouthpiece of the National Association of Manufacturers, George Sokolsky, did

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his bit for his bosses by writing a series attacking the Rugg books, for *Liberty* magazine. Hearst too has joined in, lending his financial writer, B. C. Forbes, to the attack.

It is the leadership of the American Legion, with its long experience in Red-baiting and "investigations," that has done perhaps the most thorough job on Rugg. In the midst of a series of local appearances of Legion officials to give scholarly testimony before school boards, the Legion found time to prepare an article for the September issue of its national monthly. Under O. K. Armstrong's name, the piece is called "Treason in the Textbooks." It classes the work of Rugg and a dozen others as the blueprint for revolution. Summed up, the article makes four points against the books: that they debunk American heroes; cast aspersions upon our system of Constitutional democracy; condemn our system of private ownership and enterprise; and mold immoral and anti-religious attitudes.

Who is defending Rugg and the fundamental principle of democratic education at stake in the attack upon him? Educators, first. Back in May the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, headed by Professor Franz Boas, issued a folder on the case and a statement to the press signed by more than 150 leading American scientists, educators, school administrators, publishers, churchmen, government leaders, writers, and artists. They protested sharply against the book bannings, they said, because "today, when the latest developments in the European war are driving many of our people into a state of panic in which prejudice and hatred are displacing the reason and tolerance essential for the functioning of democratic institutions, every threat, every incident of suppression of freedom of thought and expression becomes a challenge to be met vigorously and firmly."

Parents, too, are making a stand against a small group's outrageous pressure upon their children's freedom to learn. They stood up in Binghamton but lost. Down in Atlanta, Ga., the AP reported on September 18 that the State Board of Education was holding hearings on Rugg's books. One man unearthed Mrs. Dilling to prove that Rugg was a Red. A professor from Georgia Tech sprang up to say Mrs. Dilling also called Mrs. Roosevelt a Red. And he went on to declare that none of those who had spoken against the books had even read them. Angry cries of "Throw him out!" came from among the 150 attending. But the people of Georgia are not cowed by noise, and it is reported that the League of Women Voters has taken up Rugg's defense.

In Englewood, N. J., Rugg has been a stormy issue for many months now. After the town paper drew a bead on Rugg, the Catholic hierarchy and the upper crust also opened fire. The people came through with a pamphlet presenting a well-documented defense of Rugg, published by the Committee of Parents and Taxpayers.

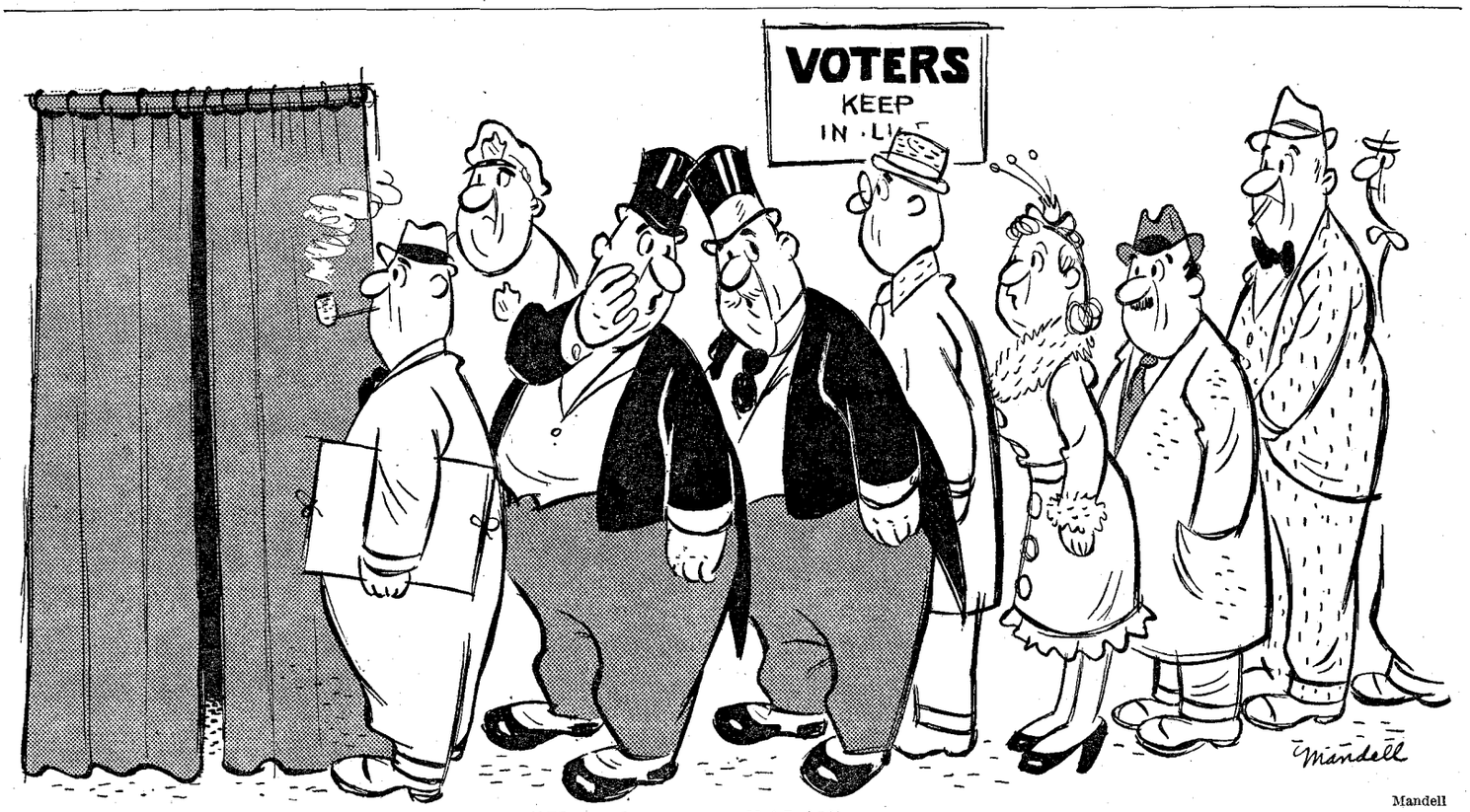
Labor, too, has seen the need for supporting the fight for academic freedom, and some unions have taken action. Local 16 and the Book and Magazine Guild of the UOPWA sent protest resolutions to Binghamton, and *Labor,* the publication of the Railway Labor Executive Association (of the railway unions) ran a strongly critical editorial.

Professor Rugg, whose books have sold over two million copies in more than four thousand schools, has appeared publicly in his own defense. He left the shelter of Teachers College a week ago to appear in Atlanta where he read a statement denying that his books contained Communist, fascist, or socialist doctrines, and also said he was not a member of, or in sympathy with, fascist or Communist organizations (*AP,* September 19).

Even Professor Rugg, specializing in comparisons of civilizations, should know better than to lump fascists with Communists. Unfortunately that is not a very strong defense. Rugg is not defending himself on the real and legitimate issue of intellectual and academic freedom, but has shifted the ground to acceptance of the reactionary point of view. What he says in essence is that if he and his books *were* Communist, then their banning would be justified. That kind of argument will not help his case much, nor will it lend strength to the broader fight for civil liberties now very much to the fore in every American community.

It sometimes happens that a man on trial does not or will not understand the meaning of his own case. But then there may be others who do and will. In the campaign to keep the schools free, teachers, students, parents, and labor, who are for the most part against all this, can unite to put the Merwin Harts, the Sokolskys, the Falks, and the Forbes' in their proper place. All groups, including the American Legion, have a right and even the obligation to inform themselves of what is going on in the schools. And they must let school authorities know what they think. But *no factions, no minorities strong only because* of their financial power, should have the right to ban and burn books that do not please them. It is the people's right to plan their children's education. If that principle does not win out in the Rugg controversy, we will have gone a long way closer to fascism.

MILTON MELTZER.




*"How do you spell 'Ja'?"*

Mandell

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# Look East, America

## The new phase in the Far Eastern crisis. Our obligation to China. The relations with the USSR. An editorial article.

IT SHOULD be clear to every American that we are entering a new and more dangerous phase of the Far Eastern crisis. Now that Japan is consolidating her invasion of Indo-China, the situation resembles in a way what happened in Europe after Hitler's march into Prague. We are faced with the same alternatives that confronted the peoples of France and Britain: we can permit our leaders to parallel the infamy of which their leaders were guilty, or else we can learn what they failed to learn in time.

Last week American citizens were being evacuated from the Far East. An anti-aircraft regiment was shipped to Hawaii. Admiral Richardson returned by clipper for consultation with cabinet officers, naval officials, and the President himself. Most Americans learned for the first time, when the bounties were withdrawn, that we had been subsidizing the sale of American wheat at Hongkong. Undoubtedly with American consent, if not under American pressure, the British government has at last reopened the Burma road, although it remains to be seen whether this Chinese life-line can be defended against Japanese bombardment. From London, the rumor is confirmed that the United States is negotiating to share the Singapore and Australasian bases with England—a far-reaching commitment.

These and similar measures have a dual significance, a double meaning. In fact, they form a chilling parallel with Mr. Chamberlain's "firmness" toward Germany in the spring of 1939—remember the hasty guarantees to Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, the credits to Poland, the introduction of conscription in England? For these measures in the Far East may merely be maneuvers whereby American imperialism tries to force an agreement with Japanese imperialism which would not benefit China at all but would only create the basis for Japanese expansion into the south Pacific at some later time.

Compare if you will, the administration's studied indisposition in the Far East with its energetic activity in Europe and Latin America: spending eight billions this year for arms, the munificent American republic has granted China a measly seventy million in credits since 1937, of which China has been able to use only twenty millions because Japan has been encouraged to harass the trade routes through which China can convert credits to goods. The Export-Import Bank has just been authorized $268,000,000 to finance munitions sales to Latin America; Secretary Morgenthau confers on credits to Canada; Sen. William King of Utah proposes lending money to England although the latest National City Bank letter admits that Britain has three billion dollars on hand in gold and dollar securities; but when T. V. Soong, the Chinese financier, arrives to negotiate a hundred million-dollar loan he is reluctantly granted one fourth as much, and then only so that the United States can buy some tungsten for itself! The President permits Canadian pilots to train this winter in Texas, and American squadrons are organized on American soil to fight for King George, but how many American pilots are helping to defend China's open cities from the ruthless bombardments by Japan?

And the crowning hypocrisy is this: despite all the Rooseveltian concern for morality and civilization, his administration has permitted the export of $760,000,000 worth of American goods to Japan in '37, '38, '39, and the import of $492,000,000 more from Japan. In this criminal trade the proportion of war materials has risen from 53% in 1937, to 63% the next year, and 71% in 1939. Even worse, says Henry W. Douglas in *Amerasia* for July 1940, the United States Maritime Commission subsidizes American ships carrying these goods from Seattle to Tokyo; Japan is granted "most favored nation" treatment and China is not; Japanese propagandists are permitted in this country as tourists, whereas Chinese visas are refused; and the Treasury's gold policy has literally financed this business by purchasing $580,816,000 of Japanese gold at $35 per ounce when the world price is about one third less!

And when the administration finally abrogates a trade treaty, it conveniently gives Japan six months in which to cram her ships with the raw materials of death. When the President on July 25 finally imposed a licensing system for scrap iron, it was discovered that the licensing applied to No. 1 scrap, which was exactly the kind that Japan had not been buying. Although an embargo on aviation gasoline is applied, Japan is permitted to buy all other kinds of petroleum, which she mixes with British and Dutch high octane fuel. There is much chatter about "cooperation between the democracies," the pooling of wool resources, the coordination of engine production, but while the United States cuts off Japan from gasoline supplies, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. (in which the British government has the controlling interest) has sold one million barrels of gasoline to Japan since last March. Not until last week did Canada decide to conserve her copper resources, although Canadian progressives have pointed out for months that the entire production of the Granby Copper Mine in Princeton, British Columbia, was contracted for the next three years to the Mitsui interests last June. And while no shipments of arms have been made to China, it was pointed out the day that French Indo-China was invaded that Siam, Japan's accomplice, had received in the past six months half a million dollars' worth of American planes and American parts. Meanwhile Japan's main export, her silk—which is stained with the blood of China's children—is still permitted to enter our shores.

Is it any wonder that the entire Orient looks askance at our pious pretensions? Is it any wonder that Prince Konoye feels confident enough to threaten us with war? Can we blame the USSR when its people demand a different kind of evidence than Mr. Welles' appeasement speeches to Japan, if there is to be the necessary improvement in relations between the two major Pacific powers—the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?

There will be no solutions for the problem of the Far East until the American government erases completely the ugly record of the past three years. We shall not even begin to discharge our obligation to the heroic people of China until the murderous trade with Japan is cut off, both in exports and imports. We shall not begin to undo the terrible damage of the State Department's cynicism to China until we provide what her legitimate government has every right to expect under the Nine Power Treaty—large scale economic and technical assistance—equal at least to the Soviet Union's ungrudging help of the past three years. Even more: the precarious situation in the Far East demands that Mr. Roosevelt take positive measures to cancel out hostilities and misunderstandings with the USSR. The release of the long-delayed machine tool orders to the Soviet Union is only a negative, although welcome, measure in a situation that demands a forthright and frank elaboration of policy.

Here are two peoples who hold between them the world balance of power in resources, industrial and agricultural production, in man power and strategic location. Together with China—a great nation of four hundred millions, unified and unconquered—cooperation between the USA and the USSR could completely reverse all international relations, could give pause to any enemy, give heart and inspiration to millions of oppressed people everywhere. Proceeding from the most varied motives, significant voices are already making themselves heard: the Foreign Policy Association report for July 1, the statement by Mary Van Kleeck, director of industrial studies for the Russell Sage Foundation, the speech by Congressman Sabath of Illinois, the powerful address by Earl Browder. And the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression, among whose honorary chairmen are Admiral H. E. Yarnell, former commander of the Asiatic fleet, Henry T. Harriman, former head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, William Allen White and others, has published a program whose section on "Better Relations with Russia" emphasizes the great potentialities of Soviet-American cooperation. Cartoons and editorials are beginning to reflect the popular understanding of the strategic and moral power which lies in a pact of friendship among China, the United States, and the USSR. What is Washington waiting for?

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*Associate Editor*
BARBARA GILES

*Business Manager*
CARL BRISTEL.

*West Coast Representative*
GEORGE WILLNER.

★

*(Continued from page 3)*

professing to demand strict neutrality for the United States, is constantly giving lefthanded support to the pro-British campaign and has aligned himself with the pro-war clique in the American Labor Party. And the real position of the Socialist Party on civil liberties is evident from the fact that its official organ, the *Socialist Call,* published an editorial (Feb. 10, 1940) defending the conviction of Earl Browder and comparing him with Al Capone. Even Wendell Willkie—before he became a candidate—criticized the Browder conviction.

There is only one way for Americans not to waste their vote in this election: by voting for Browder and Ford. Whether it is Roosevelt or Willkie who is elected will make very little difference as far as the future of America is concerned. But whether Browder and Ford get a large vote will make a great deal of difference. A large vote will mean the most effective kind of protest against the Democratic-Republican policies of war and reaction. It will mean the most effective way of exerting pressure on whatever administration gets into office. It will help prepare the ground for the emergence of a new people's front, a national Farmer-Labor Party capable of becoming the first party in the land.

In the 1932 election in Germany the late Karl von Ossietsky, the great liberal fighter against war, had the courage to declare himself for the Communist candidate, Thaelmann, and against both Hindenburg and Hitler. History has vindicated him. Today America needs that kind of courage. Earl Browder, active in the labor movement for over thirty years, jailed by the government for his opposition to the first imperialist war, now facing jail once again for opposing the second imperialist war; and James W. Ford, outstanding leader of the Negro people, symbol of the fight against all racial and national discrimination and inequality—these represent America's future. *Don't waste your vote!*

## *Balkan Question Mark*

THE German occupation of Rumania, coincidental with the practical rupture of Anglo-Rumanian relations, is a logical consequence of the French capitulation, another stage in the twilight of the Versailles era. Pressure upon Yugoslavia has already begun: witness the rather pathetic defiance of her premier and his ministers in their speeches last week. Bulgaria's twenty-year claim upon Greece for an outlet to the Mediterranean (which was taken away by the treaty of Neuilly after Versailles) now comes to the surface. And with the economic discussions among the axis specialists in Berlin, the intense effort begins to organize Europe, especially in its wealthy Danubian basin, for the trials of a difficult winter and a long war. Two years ago, the first of November, Mr. Chamberlain said that "geographically Germany must occupy the dominant position in relation to the states of central and southeastern Europe . . . far from . . . being concerned, we have no wish to block Germany out of these countries." Only two brief years, plus the thirty-nine-day campaign against France, and the fascist bloc stands at the threshold of its first objective: the hegemony of capitalist Europe.

Greece is the last outpost of British influence but her importance is less economic than strategic. From her shores German planes and Italian ships can dominate Cyprus and Crete and perhaps even confine the British fleet to Alexandria. In our analysis of the fascist alliance and the Brenner pass meeting, we said that German and Italian imperialism were preparing their offensive for the control of the Mediterranean, to sever British communications with Asia, to stabilize their position in Europe, and redivide Africa. This is the first and most important meaning of their advance into the Balkans. Late reports have German troops in North Africa while significantly, Marshal Graziani's columns last week renewed their penetration of Egypt.

The American press, in dispatches from Bucharest and Ankara, has seen fit to emphasize Rumania's occupation as directed primarily against the USSR. If the Germans should consolidate their hold on the Danube, or reach for the Dardanelles, no one would deny the ultimate anti-Soviet implications. Remembering always that the USSR can be expected to safeguard its security and initiative, it is not clear whether Hitler plans to reach the Red Sea over the difficult overland route past "two million Turkish bayonets," or whether he plans to pass through the eastern Mediterranean to the Nile. Put it another way: it is one thing to sever British lines through the Mediterranean and redivide Africa, always in terms of a continued war with Britain and perhaps the United States. It is another to campaign for Asia itself.

## *Kriegssozialismus*

BOTH England and Germany experienced some of the war's worst bombardments last week. The Royal Air Force reported widespread damage over the vulnerable German industrial areas. Assaults on French coastal towns continued while the navy boasted the shelling of Cherbourg. The German *luftwaffe* replied to the bombing of Berlin with "forty times the ten tons of bombs" that fell on Berlin; London's Canterbury cathedral was damaged while havoc spread in the northern industrial centers. As usual, civilians suffered worst of all: from Germany came reports of the evacuation of children to France and Hungary, while according to Winston Churchill's figures, there were 22,000 casualties in the first four weeks of the real air warfare, almost nine thousand dead.

That is why the government's air-raid shelter policy has become the key issue in British life, and that is also what makes Herbert Morrison's latest pronouncement of policy so contemptible. Morrison is the new home security minister but his policy does not differ from the hated Sir John Anderson's. Last week he insinuated that the popular demand for deep shelters was inspired by a "fifth column"—what a phrase for bombed civilians! With all the resources of the British empire behind him, he could not promise the immediate construction of the deep shelters by which republican Spain protected Barcelona and Valencia. In the same week, Ernest Bevin, minister of labor in the war cabinet, tried to offset popular indignation resulting from the retention of Lord Halifax by promising a "democratization" of the foreign office. After another Socialist, Arthur Greenwood, had admitted that seven million workers were likely to be jobless after the war—double the prewar figure—Bevin consoled the Trades Union Congress with the news that a "Cabinet committee had been formed to study the problem" —a remarkable comment on the kind of "socialism" Bevin expects when the war is over. Meanwhile, the Conservatives have strengthened their position by getting Churchill, always a maverick among the tories, to take the chairmanship of the party. Churchill paid tribute to his "comradeship of mutual trust and close identity of view" with Mr. Chamberlain, and while the peers and tories cheered, pledged himself to the "maintenance of the enduring greatness of Great Britain and her empire"—another comment on Mr. Bevin's postwar "socialism."

## *Soviet Education*

SOCIALISM'S great achievement has been the planned expansion of industry and living standards. But this planning has not yet produced sufficient numbers of skilled workers, nor solved the problem of their allocation. In the old days, peasants left the village for the factory under pressure of poverty but such is the prosperity in the Soviet countryside today, so great is the tempo of industrial construction that labor shortage has become a severe problem, especially in the face of international uncertainties. This is the reason for a recent decree calculated to assure a more adequate supply of labor. Three hundred and fifty thousand young people will attend a two-year course in professional and railroad schools, while 250,000 will undergo a special six-month industrial education. Unless the full number is not reached, enrollment will be voluntary; call-ups for the Red Army will be canceled; the state will stand the cost of training and upkeep while the four-year apprenticeship in industry will be paid for at the pre-

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vailing wage rates—a revealing contrast with the American training programs.

To meet the tremendous expansion of the educational system required by this decree, the Supreme Soviet has decided to ask limited tuition payments for students in secondary and higher educational bodies. This will not affect the 24,000,000 children in the primary and intermediate grades, but it will affect at least part of the nine million in the higher grades and the 600,000 in the universities. Even such observers as G. E. R. Gedye note that Soviet workers have more money than they can now spend. Evidently the government feels that with its heavy educational expansion program and new defense budget, Soviet workers are well able to pay these fees. Remembering that in most Soviet families there are usually several breadwinners, secure from the menace of unemployment, the charges of 150 rubles per year in the higher schools up to five hundred rubles per year in advanced institutions are equivalent to the expense of one or two weeks' wages per year for those families whose children are in the higher bodies. A subsequent decree continues the policy of stipends to students who excel in their studies, and specifically provides that students who need state support anyway will be exempted from tuition payment.

## *Hemisphere Offensive*

THE reported leasing by the United States of air and naval bases in Brazil and Chile is another step toward drawing the whole of Latin America into the war net of American imperialism. For months Washington has been exerting pressure, economic and military, to compel the republics south of the Rio Grande to permit operations in their territory by the armed forces of the United States. Now Brazil and Chile have succumbed, with others reported to be planning to follow suit. The recent United States loan of $20,000,000 to Brazil for the creation of a US-dominated steel industry in that country is to be followed by other measures, among them a $50,000,000 grant of gold for the establishment of a central bank. Chile has been given a $12,000,000 loan by the Export-Import Bank, with more to come. As of yore, American imperialism is forging golden chains for these nominally independent nations, with the difference that today the government itself directly makes the loans in behalf of Wall Street.

Chile's surrender of a base casts a new light on the recent action of President Aguirre Cerda in removing from office the Communist mayor of Valparaiso. (The new bases are to be located in that city and in Para, Brazil.) The Communist Party is a component of the People's Front which placed the President in power. When the French people's front government yielded to the pressure of Britain and its own capitalists, it sealed the doom of France. Will Chile follow the same course?

Developments in Mexico too give cause for alarm, with President Avila Camacho showing an increasing disposition to appease Wall Street interests. Plans are now reported under way to corral Mexico in a new joint defense board with the United States. This will be headed by that turncoat liberal, Mayor Maury Maverick of San Antonio, a gentleman who has shown a bronco eagerness to send American boys across to fight.

No doubt it was this intensified vassalage on the part of the Latin American republics that moved President Roosevelt, in his address at Dayton, to speak of them in such proprietary tones. Without any authorization that the public is aware of, the President committed these twenty-one republics to the support of his foreign policy. At times it was difficult to tell whether he was referring merely to the United States or to all the Americas since he used "we" and "our" with such all-embracing casualness. Though Roosevelt tipped his hat to peace, it is clear that the acquisition of these bases and the others that are to be commandeered in the Atlantic and Pacific has brought the peoples of both the United States and Latin America immeasurably closer to involvement in a war from which they have nothing to gain.

## *The Browder Case*

ALL Americans who couldn't bear the railroading of Earl Browder to four years' imprisonment on the tissue-weight passport charges will hail the decision of the United States Supreme Court to review the case. Even those who had given little thought to the basic issues were stopped short when they read of the Revel case in which two Englishmen, who admitted falsifying birth records and false swearing to obtain passports, were fined $500 each with no prison sentence. It became strikingly clear then, that the Browder case involved something far more than a strained construction of technicalities: the unjust and brutal conviction of Browder was an act of political reprisal that indicated the crumbling of democratic rights in this country. The leader of the Communist Party was convicted for using a passport to which he had every right. The alleged "crime" was deduced from testimony that he had formerly had passports under other names than his own, in order to gain protection while traveling through countries in which the officialdom would have had no scruples in threatening his life or his liberty. The people of the country are rapidly becoming aware of the fundamental issues involved: it is to be hoped that the Supreme Court will reflect the people's will.

The court also agreed to review the case of another Communist leader, William Wiener, who was convicted on a similar charge. But in still a third case involving elementary civil liberties, the court denied a writ of habeas corpus to prevent the extradition from Pennsylvania to California of Samuel Darcy, secretary of the Communist Party in eastern Pennsylvania. Darcy must stand trial for alleged misinformation in the filing of petitions in 1934 when he was Communist candidate for governor of California.

## *Col. Fleming's Army Game*

COL. Philip Fleming, administrator of the Wage-Hour Act, is as good as Sidney Hillman of the National Defense Commission at making promises. Mr. Hillman promised that firms getting war contracts would comply with the Wagner act. Colonel Fleming swore that the wage-hour law would not suffer under "national defense." The duplicity of Mr. Hillman's promises is now a matter of public record. Colonel Fleming's double-dealing is revealed in a recent newsletter from Labor's Non-Partisan League. Last July 1, LNPL points out, the Wage-Hour Division returned to the US Treasury an unexpended balance of $387,000, or enough to pay the yearly salaries of 180 inspectors. Yet the Division's excuse for not enforcing the law adequately has always been that it is understaffed. Not long ago Colonel Fleming announced a "new procedure" to expedite administration of the act. Briefly, it consists of sending the employer a questionnaire regarding his compliance with the law. This "expedites" things very nicely: the employer simply examines his conscience and reports that all is well. When, in one such case, an outraged union man protested the Division's procedure, he was told that the employer's answer to the questionnaire had not completely closed the case but that no action was contemplated "for the present." The Wage-Hour Division submitted its "new procedure" plan to fifty-two trade associations, but not to any trade union.

Other charges made by the LNPL are that inspectors are being asked to concentrate on small, easy cases in order to build up a statistical record of cases closed; that Colonel Fleming has ignored a report filed by his personal investigator on the Kansas City headquarters (embracing eight states) because it contained some disagreeable truths. Add to these charges the fact (reported in the press on October 14) that hundreds of thousands of exemptions from the hour provisions of the law are being effected by Colonel Fleming's new definitions of "administrative" and "professional" groups of white-collar workers. The colonel's idea of administering the law is to issue promises to labor with one hand and take away its rights with the other.

## *Jim Crow in Uniform*

THE smiling mask of Roosevelt slipped rather badly the other day when the President approved a Jim Crow army. It slipped, and Negro voters saw behind it something uncomfortably like the prim, sour visage of Woodrow Wilson. The President justified the Jim Crow policy as having "proven satisfactory over a long period of years." It is this policy which has made contact with the army one of the sorest spots in Negro experience, and which, under Wilson, built up army practices far more inhuman than any thought up by the army castes of Europe. It was a policy which made for discrimination even against the Negro wounded; in the South in many

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instances it was worth a Negro's life to wear a uniform.

James W. Ford, Communist candidate for Vice President, has characterized the White House action as "a degrading affront to the Negro people." Speaking to a group of Negro and white workers in New Orleans, the Negro leader sharply criticized the position of Walter White, A. Phillip Randolph, and T. Arnold Hill, who indirectly defended or apologized for the administration's decision to segregate Negro troops. Another Communist candidate and Negro leader, William L. Patterson of Chicago, has accurately likened the President's action to a "Hitler decree glorifying fascist race theories."

The Democrats have thrown upon their Negro section the odious task of labeling Wendell Willkie pro-German because of his ancestry. And while the Democrats try to establish a "race" basis for Willkie's real fascist tendencies, the President steadily reveals his own hypocrisy. He has evaded any comment on the Anti-Lynching bill, and now confirms suspicion that his approval of Jim Crowism in the army is also approval of Jim Crowism in civilian life. For it is no accident that on the same day the President announced his army policy, Senator Barkley, administration leader in the upper house, gave the *coup de grace* to the Anti-Lynching bill.

## *Lehman Witch Hunt*

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's message several months ago to a conference of state law enforcement officials, urging the states to pass repressive legislation to curb "subversive activities," is bearing ugly fruit. Many states require no new legislation since they already have totalitarian measures handy on the statute books. In Oklahoma, for example, the criminal syndicalism law has been revived in an effort to imprison for long terms citizens whose only crime was the possession of books which can be found in libraries and book stores throughout the country. And in New York Governor Lehman has invoked a wartime statute under which the attorney general has begun a new vendetta against "dangerous thoughts" in the guise of combating "subversive activities." Under this statute victims can be summoned to star-chamber inquisitions without even the privilege of having a lawyer present. Secret investigations with full power of subpena will work under the direction of Attorney General Bennett and his assistants. One of these, Assistant Atty. Gen. Jeremiah F. Cross, two years ago, while state commander of the American Legion, called for storm troops to take over the government.

And in Washington Attorney General Jackson told the Juridical Conference that there will be "a greatly increased federal court load arising from enforcement of the Selective Service Act, the Alien Registration Act, the Espionage Act, condemnation cases, applications for naturalization, deportation problems, and other phases of the defense endeavor" (New York *Times,* October 10). This looks like a threat of wholesale arrests, a threat turned in one direction. The attorney general apparently does not expect any increase in court load as a result of prosecutions of corporations for evading the excess profits act or other laws. Nor will the federal courts be kept busy with cases involving violations of civil liberties since the Administration is itself conniving in such violations. Clearly, trade unions and all progressive organizations are directly menaced by these developments.

## *Loading the Draft Boards*

LAST week NEW MASSES, in an editorial urging compliance with the conscription law, raised the question of the personnel of the draft boards. We cited the situation in Michigan where boards had been loaded with representatives of big business. Now other appointments in the nation's capital itself underscore the danger. Among those named to the Washington draft boards are Edmund M. Toland, anti-labor counsel for the Smith committee and former attorney for union-buster E. T. Weir's National Steel Corp., and Frank Peckham, president of the Sentinels of the Republic. The Black Lobbying committee several years ago exposed this latter organization as an anti-Semitic outfit which was being nursed on Liberty League cash. The 120 members of the Washington draft boards include forty-one business men, thirty-two professionals, among them a number of corporation lawyers; twenty-one non-union government employes, five bankers, and four ministers.

The American Peace Mobilization has placed the responsibility for these appointments on President Roosevelt. A statement by its secretary, Frederick V. Field, declares that:

> By making such appointments and by refusing representation to labor in the city of which he is "mayor," Mr. Roosevelt has introduced a distinct semi-fascist note in the entire draft machinery. The appointment of such boards makes it more evident than ever that there is but one answer if we are to maintain democracy in this country—conscription must be repealed.

## *White Collar Victory*

OUR congratulations to the United Office and Professional Workers of America (CIO) on signing an agreement with the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., third largest industrial insurance firm in the country. Insurance companies are today one of the chief centers of financial power in this country. And that is why the union agreement, covering 1,027 agents in the New York office, is one of labor's most notable victories.

The contract marked the conclusion of negotiations begun when Local 30, UOPWA, was certified by the State Labor Relations Board after winning an election held May 2. The agreement recognizes the union as sole collective bargaining representative for all Hancock men in New York City and in Nassau, Suffolk, and Westchester counties.

## *Roundup*

ANTI-WAR: The Gallup poll reports that 83 percent of American voters oppose going to war against Germany and Italy. . . . About 100,000 students took part in the "Walkout on War" sponsored by the American Students Union. Among the participants were six hundred students from Nicholas Murray Butler's academic domain.

LABOR FRONT: George Scalise, former president of the Building Service Employees International Union (AFL), was sentenced from ten to twenty years in prison for looting his union's treasury. The union has begun an intensive drive to clean its house of any remaining racketeers. . . . David Dubinsky, ILGWU president, thinks 12½ cents an hour minimum wages is okay for Puerto Rico needle workers. Mr. Dubinsky went to the wage-hour hearings on the island and blessed a minimum wage which is 23½ cents less than that of American needle workers. . . . Latest in the employers' fight to get rid of Harry Bridges is an "affidavit" charging him with "murder, conspiracy, and sabotage," which was read to the House of Representatives by Congressman Anderson of Missouri. Author of the affidavit is one Walter Carney, notorious labor spy, ex-convict, and racketeer—he made it out some time ago, before he was arrested for mishandling union funds. . . . The International Woodworkers of America (CIO) at its convention in Aberdeen, Wash., pledged unqualified support of John L. Lewis, opposed loans to belligerent powers, condemned Thurman Arnold's anti-trust racket against unions, attacked the awarding of government contracts to violators of labor laws, and defeated a Red-baiting resolution.

IN OTHER LANDS: The United Press from Moscow reports expectation of "bumper crops of Russian staple foods . . . adequate to meet civilian, army, and even export requirements." . . . China's "Fourth of July"—the twenty-ninth anniversary of the overthrow of the monarchy—was celebrated October 10 in China and in New York's Chinatown by parades and demonstrations in support of the Chinese people against Japanese invasion. Said Chiang Kai-shek: "China will never recognize the so-called New Order in the East." . . . Morales Ortego, member of Mexico's Communist Party, was assassinated by political gangsters when they attacked CP headquarters in Mexico City. Eight hundred workers marched in the funeral parade. The people are demanding of President Cardenas that his government investigate the attack, in which two other Communists were seriously wounded. . . . Col. Fulgencio Batista, inaugurated as president of Cuba, promised to fulfill the ideals of the new, progressive constitution which went into effect the day of the inauguration.

SUDDEN ACTION: A pro-fascist Italian textbook, *Andiamo in Italio,* has finally been banned from New York City public schools by the Board of Education—after being used since 1932!

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# "You Can't Go Home Again"

## Death intervened in the career of Thomas Wolfe just as he came upon the answers to his many questions, Henry Hart writes . . . . Anna Louise Strong's "My Native Land."

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN, *by Thomas Wolfe. Harper & Bros. $3.*

THE last thirty-six of the 743 pages of what, presumably, is Thomas Wolfe's last book, contain the finest writing of his turbulent and unfulfilled life. Indeed, they contain everything essential to an understanding of him and his self-consuming struggles to comprehend himself and the world. They provide evidence that, had death not defeated him, a Thomas Wolfe matured in understanding and disciplined in talent would have helped to defeat that class at the top of life which fabricates and perpetuates the irrational society in which the early Wolfe felt so lost.

These thirty-six pages are an event in American literature, for they lay bare, with a lucidity unattainable in any previous decade, the distinction between literature as a mature writer would have it and literature as the owning class desires and wills it to be. There are no ifs, ands, or buts, no irrelevancies, no ameliorating sighs, diffidences, or regrets, and none of that dreadful rhetorical and grandiloquent drool which disfigured so much of Wolfe's work and disguised so many of his ignorances. The problem is defined in terms of its basic essence and is personalized with a truth and poignancy Wolfe never before achieved.

The thirty-six pages comprise a letter of farewell to the editor to whom George Webber (as Thomas Wolfe calls himself in this book) owed his career, his growth, and his potentiality for fulfillment. The letter was not written because of any presentiment of death, as a most scandalously misplaced final paragraph would suggest to the uninitiated reader. It was written because Wolfe realized at last that it is imperative to change the conditions which blight, frustrate, and destroy millions of creative human beings, and the editor preferred to accept "the order of things as they are because you have no hope of changing them; and if you could change them, you feel that any other order would be just as bad."

I suspect that this letter was not part of one of the many manuscripts Wolfe left, but an actual letter written to an actual editor, who is Wolfe's literary executor. It is largely due to the skill of this unusual personality that the present book has been concocted out of remnants from the earlier novels, rough drafts, unfinished sketches, and half-completed projects. That this man should yield up a private letter which indicts himself, and voluntarily make it part of this book, rather than betray the dead, is a brave and honorable illustration of the confusion of our time. For he felt no compunction about excluding material which rightfully belonged in this book, and which depicted other living people and actual events in a way totally different from the one limned by the material that *has* been included. What is to become of the manuscripts which describe people and events not even mentioned in *You Can't Go Home Again?*

The book itself is disappointing, as a second posthumous book is always likely to be. It contains a great deal of writing which Wolfe would have discarded, or been prevailed upon to discard, and a great deal he would certainly have written in a different way had he lived and continued to grow. When I say this I do not wish to asperse the love's labor of those who have, as well as they were able, made out of the materials which were left a book quite like the work of the early Wolfe.

It begins with Geroge Webber living on Twelfth street and waiting for the publication of his first novel. He encounters Foxhall Edwards, the editor who was to mean so much to him and his career. He takes a trip back home to Libya Hill, and this stretch of narration and description is an heirloom of a time when Wolfe thought he would write an entire novel about a Pullman car —K 19—which is attached to the afternoon train from New York to Old Catawba. Then there is a description of Esther Jack and her husband, and a party at their house, which has been worked over rather considerably in order to spare the feelings of living persons. It is at this party that George Webber realizes that should he succumb to the amenities, luxuries, and blandishments of the world of privilege he could not remain an honest artist in search of truth.

Then the first novel is published. There is very little about this remarkable time of George Webber's life. The effects of a bank failure in Libya Hill are described at greater length. George goes to live in Brooklyn, and there is a little of the sights, sounds, and encounters of that dark period of his life. But it is neither adequately nor truthfully depicted. Too much has been excluded, too much omitted, and Wolfe was too close to the corresponding experiences in his own life to write them with the same ruthless drive and misjudgment with which in his first two books he traduced the hapless wights of Old Catawba. Moreover, learning about the aristocratic world of Foxhall Edwards enthralled him. But beyond all this, he was maturing, and had begun to see things differently, and was not ready to write about these years. He was only becoming ready when he died.

Michaels

There is a disquisition in this part of *You Can't Go Home Again* on the character and personality of Foxhall Edwards which is compounded of very genuine gratitude, inaccurate observation, and Wolfe's forte for exaggerating into legend something which needed the most scrupulous adherence to fact if the reality were to be accurately discerned and truthfully presented.

Then George Webber goes to London and there meets an American novelist who had praised his first book. There is some disgraceful toadying here, of which Wolfe would be very ashamed were he alive to see it in print. This novelist is likened to Abraham Lincoln. A more grotesque effort to praise has never been dissembled. This section of the book is an illustration of what I mean when I say Wolfe would have rewritten if he had lived.

And then there is a little about George's experiences in Nazi Germany—not much, not all, but a little, and perhaps enough to enable the reader to perceive that Wolfe's experiences among the Nazis rent the last concealing curtain and he saw—what he had been trying to see all his life—that the poor are not vicious because of inherent evil—(as his depiction of them so often intimates and, indeed, as is even explicitly stated in the present work)—but because their lives are debauched by those who wield economic and political power.

And then the letter.

Except for the letter, none of it matters very much. It isn't, I maintain, the way he would have written if he had lived, and since it is the product of the tail end of his adolescence and the very beginning of his maturity, as much truth is buried beneath bombast and beneath rhetorical belaboring of the obvious as in his first three novels. Too many things are "nameless," "wordless," and "shapeless" still.

I must confess that I have no idea how this book seems to one who reads it without

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any knowledge of the author or of the people with whom he was involved. Most of those who have reviewed it are more infantile than Wolfe ever was. I feel that this book and Wolfe's others have a permanent value, not because they depict America, as has been claimed (for they really don't), but because they are a record of the confusion and waste inflicted upon one human creature who wanted to be creative in the United States in the nineteen twenties and thirties. This is the tale Wolfe was really trying to tell all along, when he was still too immature. Now that he is dead someone else must do it in order that all his striving shall not have been in vain.

HENRY HART.

## USA—1939

MY NATIVE LAND, *by Anna Louise Strong. Viking Press. $2.75.*

IN THE summer of 1939 Anna Louise Strong toured her native land in a borrowed car, from the Pacific to the Midwest, the South, New England. She wanted to know America better—after twenty years in China, the USSR, Spain, and Czechoslovakia—to "sink into the country, into its towns and farms." War had not yet broken in Europe; there was still the promise of a New Deal in the land. And yet——

"We had not been in Westwood (California) twenty minutes before we felt the atmosphere of battle." The year before, vigilantes had driven one thousand Westwood citizens out of town—lumber workers, with their wives and children, who had dared organize a CIO union. The men were driven with pickhandles, pipes, and rubber hose. A Pied Piper woman vigilante lured the children into her car, dumped them far out on the highway, and drove back to tell their mothers, "Now I guess you'll have to get out of town; your kids are on the road." When the mothers went, a line of deputies kept them from coming back. Some of the deportees were never seen again. But four hundred of them returned, forcing their way into their own town. And the battle between the CIO and the vigilantes still goes on.

At the "model ranch" of Tagus, near Fresno, Cal., a social worker commented: "What impresses me most is the beautiful healthiness of the fruit contrasted with the diseases of the people." The diseases were those of malnutrition: rickets, pellagra, tuberculosis.

Nobody in Flint, Mich., laughed at the speedup in Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times.* Flint is an auto town: "you can find cases in the psychopathic wards of workers going through the motions of the punch-press." The auto companies take blood tests of their workers, fire those likely to get lead-poisoning fits, and put them on a secret blacklist so they can't get jobs elsewhere.

In North Carolina the Southern Tobacco Co. found a way to beat the Wage-Hour Act. It divided one Negro's wages among three employees, putting only one man on the payroll. When the others were fired and tried to get unemployment insurance they were thrown on the chain gang for "trying to cheat the government." (Later the company was caught and fined.)

WPA workers in Minneapolis were teargassed and fired upon by police when they struck to protest the Woodrum amendment to the relief act. Roosevelt said: "You can't strike against the government."

Los Angeles capitalists stole the water from Inyo County, turning 250,000 rich acres into a desert. California capitalists grabbed the land from independent small farmers. Landlords and utility monopolies everywhere stole relief money from the poor, taking it in exorbitant rents and utility rates. The planters of the South took away their tenants' livelihood rather than share "benefit payments" with them. Machinery, in the hands of land and factory owners, robbed the workers of jobs in both city and country. Production-for-use projects in California collapsed under the assault of production-for-profits. The jobless were permitted a relief pittance only that they might consume a little and the "producers" could unload some of their "surplus" on the government agencies. The dispossessed were kept alive, just barely alive, to constitute a cheap labor reserve, a strike-breaking threat against employed fellow workers.

The vitality of America's rulers has withered with the shrinking of their economic frontiers. What Miss Strong reports of their thievery and terrorism is not unfamiliar. We have seen it in *The Grapes of Wrath,* read of it in the daily press, witnessed it perhaps from our windows. But her report conveys, better than most, a sense of these men's desperation, the brutality of greed in an economy of destruction. The self-help cooperatives—air-castle attempts to "organize a living out of the garbage heaps"—frightened the profit-makers; they smashed the air-castles. The New Deal frightened them. To be sure, it helped them too: gave them a market, paid rent on their slums, bought their shoddy goods, loaned them money. But, as Miss Strong points out, the people could use the New Deal too. Under the direction of people's leaders they used it to organize—into the CIO, the Workers Alliance, and farmer-labor organizations. Those four hundred deportees from Westwood did come back. The speedup in auto factories is not so bad where the UAW has stepped in. Southern Negro workers can fight for their wage-hour rights alongside white workers in a trade union. The only vitality left in America—as well as the only democratic potential or force for order—is with the people. And the men who no longer have to fear a New Deal are no less disquieted by this people's strength.

A vast amount of this vast America appears in *My Native Land.* The book moves swiftly, yet always taking things in order, not hurrying the reader. In this quality, as in the directness and vividness of the reporting, *My Native Land* will remind you of our best documentary films. No film, however, or any other book has given as comprehensive (and comprehending) a picture of America at the apex of the New Deal—"land of greatest wealth and greatest unemployment, home of earth-raiding monopolies, home also of 130,000,000 people fighting for security and life."

BARBARA GILES.

## Coupon Clippers' Nightmare

THE REAL DANGER IN OUR GOLD. *By Harry Scherman. Simon and Schuster. $1.*

THIS is a curious example of what might be called the bughouse school of capitalist economics. Mr. Scherman is worried about "our" gold. You know, the cache that's buried in Kentucky. Even the bankers are concerned about it. But what gives this book its special character are its panegyrics on the social virtues of hoarding and its humorless identification of free circulation of gold with the people's liberties.

It appears that the Gold Prohibition Act of 1933 is a threat to both freedom and prosperity. The criticism is not of the reduction in the gold content of the dollar effected at the same time, but of the government's holding of the metal. Any foreigner can come and take away the gold, but to an American citizen it is *verboten!* What Mr. Scherman favors is a return to the free circulation of gold. Then, when some Congress or President showed tendencies of being too social-minded, those who disapproved could draw gold from the banks instead of currency. Since the gold reserve supports several times its own amount in bank credit, there would ensue a great fall in prices as money became scarce, a decline in confidence, all the manifestations of a banker's rage. That would bring the law makers to their senses and force a halt to their wild schemes.

Mr. Scherman does not claim any originality for his thesis. But he owes it to his readers to tell them from whom he borrowed this particular stunt. Think back—that's what the two hundred families in France did in part to bring about the downfall of the Popular Front. This is the author's advice to the coupon clippers of America. Naturally, the existence of the Gold Prohibition Act leaves him unhappy.

What Mr. Scherman will discover as the armaments economy penetrates American life is that finance capital does not have to manipulate the currency directly to bring on inflation. Our bankers and industrialists are too shrewd to be guided by a sterile formula which makes gold the be-all and end-all of economic forces. They know too well that longer hours, speedup, shorter wages are their key to wealth.

There is, of course, real danger in our gold. It lends power to the drive of American imperialism to bring the South American countries into line. It can be manipulated to capture and dominate the markets Wall Street

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covets. It can be used to appease and strengthen fascist powers. But Mr. Scherman is not concerned with these possibilities. He is seized in a rentier's nightmare, howling with fear of inflation, recoiling from thoughts of social change. However, even a book such as this is useful to finance capital in these days. It is important to befuddle the people, and Mr. Scherman is serving us economic hash-ish.

FRANK J. WALLACE.

## A Labor Press Guide

THE AMERICAN LABOR PRESS: AN ANNOTATED DIRECTORY. *Introduction by John R. Commons. American Council on Public Affairs. 120 pages. $2.*

TO ALL who have toiled over scattered labor papers and partial lists of such publications in the United States, this volume on the American labor press comes as a welcome handbook. It was produced by a white-collar project, sponsored by the John R. Commons Labor Research Library at the University of Wisconsin. It is the first publication of its kind since Solon de Leon edited *The American Press Directory* in 1926.

Describing briefly 676 labor papers of which thirty are Canadian, the authors have classified them as AFL, national and local; CIO, national and local; independent; cooperative; Communist Party; Socialist Party; farmer-labor; other "left-wing"; general labor; and Canadian publications. Unfortunately the book includes a few papers that are definitely anti-union, on the ground that they are "addressed to the working people of the United States and Canada." Under general labor publications in San Francisco, for example, is included the official organ of the violently anti-union Associated Farmers of California. For Macon, the only "labor" paper listed is the Bibb Manufacturing Co.'s *Bibb Recorder,* obviously an "employee magazine" edited by the company. But these few anti-union papers are easily detected by accompanying descriptions, and their inclusion does not seriously mar the book's value to labor groups.

While circulation is usually difficult to estimate, the volume indicates that 289 labor papers in the United States have a total circulation of over 6,623,400. These figures are not considered "conclusive" but give some idea of the numbers reached by the labor press.

John R. Commons contributes a picturesque foreword on the historical research of thirty-five years ago when his associates discovered *The Workingman's Advocate* file in the attic of a Kansas farmhouse. *The Man,* a most important printed labor record of the 1830's, was buried in the cellar of an unnamed historical society. So Commons hopes that researchers of the future will treasure this directory of the labor press of 1940 as an aid in their efforts. Meanwhile, labor editors, organizers, and students of labor problems can treasure it today.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

## The Life of George Sand

ROMANTIC REBEL, *by Felizia Seyd. Viking Press. $3.*

GEORGE SAND is one of those unconventional figures of the past whose personality burst like a rocket upon her age, uncovering in the exploding rays a vast confusion of intellectual and political cross-currents. Hers was an age of individualism par excellence, in most respects other than its extreme fastidiousness very like that other outcropping of individualism which came a century later in the post-war twenties, the age of elegant boredom and escapes into debauchery; the epoch of Theophile Gautier's *gilet rouge,* of Hugo's declaration of independence for art and the neo-Shakespearean drama; the period of fashionable socialism, Masons, Carbonari.

In novel after novel George Sand wrote about the great questions that were acute in her time, and on every tongue: woman's freedom (though not woman's rights, she always opposed woman suffrage); anti-clericalism; the bitter struggles around the ideals and politics of Republicanism, Saint-Simonism, rights of the workingman, etc. She used her fiction to popularize and focus attention on these struggles. She made it an instrument of challenge, a weapon for attacking privilege and class rule, the whole variety of evils wreaked by the few against the many. And this was the secret of her immense popularity which lasted until her younger rivals, the Goncourts, took over the field at her death.

Mrs. Seyd observes that we can scarcely blame George Sand for not seeing history with the clarity of a Marxist. Yet, however true that may have been in 1848, when the champion and press agent of the Republic could reconcile herself to its betrayal—"It is better to support the Provisional Government than to become a victim of Blanqui and Company"—history had moved a long way by 1871. What kind of socialism was this, to denounce the first working-class government with the shocked cry of "the lie of might over right!"? To abjure the Commune for another betrayal, capped with the treason of Versailles and the corpses of Père Lachaise? Mrs. Seyd withholds interpretation, leaving the truth to be inferred from her voluminous documentation. But documentation alone, however scholarly, cannot do much more than pile contradiction on contradiction when it deals with a subject as fluid in its motivations as the mind and personality of Mme. Sand. And the total effect, contrary to the author's intention, is reactionary.

LILLIAN BARNARD GILKES.

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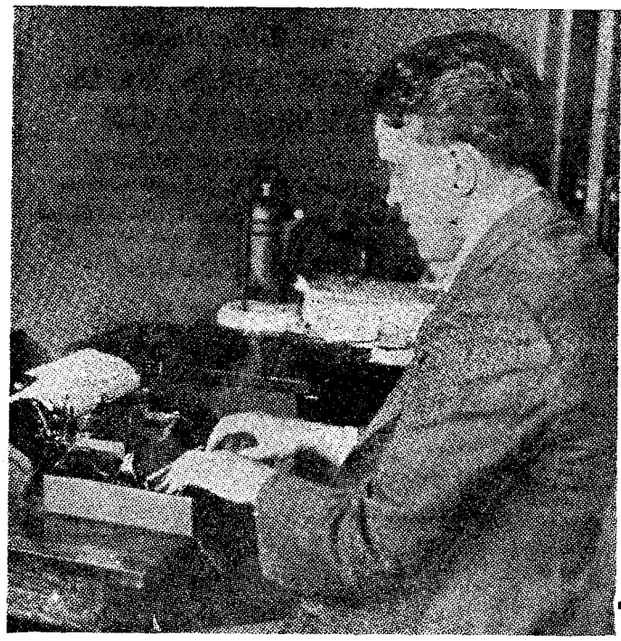

*John Reed typing notes for "Ten Days That Shook the World"*

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# Paul Robeson: Artist of the People

## The great Negro artist sang about "the nobodies who are everybodies" in his Carnegie Hall concert. The stage and movies reviewed.

NEVER in its long history has Carnegie Hall enjoyed a more auspicious opening than the one two weeks ago. It was packed to the rafters by an audience that came to hear the folklore of many lands, and who knew that this concert offered them the rare opportunity to hear "the nobodies who are the everybodies" expressed in song. And Paul Robeson never let them down. After an absence of some five years, the extremely popular Negro artist proved that he is still the most eloquent interpreter of folk-art today.

Unquestionably his effectiveness is due to more than his rich, sonorous voice. For one thing he is a splendid actor. This was clearly seen in the English folk tune "Oh, No, John, No," which tells of a conversation between a lover and a kittenish girl. Overcoming the barriers of evening clothes and his "All-American" football build, Robeson could still successfully project all the coyness and delicate humor of the song. Contributing further to the enjoyment of his art, is Robeson's letter-perfect diction. Too many of our well known concert and folk singers fall far short of the mark. Equally commendable is Robeson's practice of singing foreign songs, first in English, then in their native tongue. This adds immeasurably to the understanding and pleasure of American audiences.

Robeson has more than a beautiful voice, dramatic prowess, and perfect diction, important as these factors are. In him is embodied the powerful expression of the oppressed. Springing from one of the most oppressed groups, he has known the pain of discrimination. It is among the downtrodden that his art has taken root, and it is with them that it has flowered into an art merged with deep understanding and sensitive to their needs. That is why when he sang "The Hebrew Prayer," "Let there be an end to all this suffering and sorrow," the audience was left emotionally exhausted. Through Robeson's plea was communicated the century-long hope of deliverance. That is why his anti-fascist spirit was so authentic in "The Peat Bog Soldiers," and why the qualities of infinite loneliness and simple grandeur pervaded his great interpretation of the Russian folk song, "Night."

Of Robeson's Negro spirituals nothing can be said except that they are magnificent conceptions. Into these he injects an undertone of protest and, in some cases, the undertone comes an overtone as in "Ole Man River," which he added some anti-war verses. Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and 'Deep River" were superb.

Some critics have observed that Robeson has limitations of range and dynamics. This may be true, but it is placing the accent on unessentials. If a beautiful woman had a tiny mole, who would think of concentrating on the mole? The great interpreters of the past were not so because of individual talents or lack of them, but they were great because they succeeded in summarizing and projecting the profoundest, the most vital, and most positive emotions of the people of their time. Into this class falls Paul Robeson, a genuine artist of the people. Whoever hears his fiery "Let My People Go" knows it is no longer a song. It has become a cry of a people for emancipation.

LOU COOPER.

## Anderson's Bankruptcy

### His pretentious play at the National falls flat.

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S bankruptcy as a dramatist is pitifully revealed in his newest verse-play (at the National), which is both more pretentious and less successful (from the standpoint of accomplishment) than anything he has previously written. A sensitive writer with an over-weening ambition to be a great poet (which he simply is not), Mr. Anderson has finally tackled that most difficult of all human subjects—The Christ. The drama represents Mr. Anderson's personal Golgotha.

For Anderson has nothing new to say about the figure of The Christ; he has merely attempted to elaborate the legend, as it is known to us, and he has selected a Passover journey to Jerusalem, when The Child was twelve years of age, for his fable. Nothing is known of this period in Jesus' life, which should have made for the free play of any dramatist's imagination. Exactly why the author chose this particular period is not made clear in his play which, while it possesses reverence for its subject, achieves no dignity, no stature, no passion, and no excitement—in the sense in which drama must have excitement.

This is the time in the life of The Man when he was beginning to enter upon His vocation. A child still, he was not Himself aware of His mission, though he had intimations of it. His parents, Joseph and Mary, themselves were not certain that they had borne The Messiah, foreshadowed in Holy Writ. During their journey to Jerusalem, all three (through the instrumentality of Ishmael, the desert prophet) become more certain, but so footless is the dramatic structure of this piece that the curtain might have rung down at any point, with no loss of dramatic values.

Echoes of contemporaneity enter *Journey to Jerusalem,* in the apt parallels drawn between present times and the persecution of the Jews under the Herods. A few years before, Judah had led his unsuccessful revolution against Roman rule, and some of his followers still were loitering in the hills, awaiting the Coming. Ishmael was one. A drama about this revolution, a drama that would have concerned itself with Jesus' life in his early manhood, even before He became the teacher and leader of his people, would have been more fruitful. But this was and is Mr. Anderson's affair.

The cast, with the exception of its Ishmael (Arnold Moss, who will be remembered for his Antonio in *The Fifth Column*) is indifferent. Mr. Moss, who is a fine actor, rises to the stature of the rebel prophet, carries passion and conviction. Young Sidney Lumet, as the Christ child, still speaks with the accents that made his debut in *Dead End* so notable; but for a youngster he shows remarkable understanding of his role. He has sweetness and intelligence.

There is nothing more pathetic than to see a man struggling in out-sized clothing; this is what Mr. Anderson has done. Were he less ambitious, he might still come closer to his earlier accomplishment, for there are moments in the *Journey* that reveal his genuine sense of the theater; they are few.

ALVAH BESSIE.

## Propaganda in the B's

### Elsa Maxwell, the Stork Club Minerva, carries on.

IF YOU'VE been wondering what the function of the moving picture industry is going to be now that most of the males in the movie audience are subject to the draft, consider the case of Elsa Maxwell's *Public Deb Number One.* In calmer days the film would have attracted no attention. In New York, it was not shown in a Broadway house and critics were not invited to attend advance screenings. Its cast includes highly paid actors like George Murphy, Mischa Auer, Charlie Ruggles, and Ralph Bellamy, as well as Miss Maxwell, but it is without doubt a B picture.

Here is the plot: a soup heiress is recruited into the Communist Party by her Russian butler, which distresses her honest American fiancee who is campaigning for Congress with

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the support of the Chamber of Commerce. Her family is also distressed, because it makes its living from the sale of soup; and an outraged nation, upon learning that the heiress is now a Party member, institutes a soup boycott. Elsa Maxwell attempts to persuade the disagreeable brat that the throng at the Stork Club considers her talk of the brotherhood of man ridiculous, but no one can do a thing with her till an unemployed waiter gives her a good spanking, causing her to fall in love with him. Then a man dashes in with an evening paper and cries, "Russia has invaded Finland!" "What about your brotherhood of man now?" inquires the heiress mildly. When the butler is discovered using her contributions to buy a fur coat for his girl, all is over between the heiress and Communism. The waiter becomes executive vice president of the soup concern, and the heiress flings her manual of Communism out the window.

In the course of the fun several things happen: (1) a group of American Legionnaires breaks up a parade of people bearing signs lettered in Russian; (2) a judge puts them all in jail; (3) Communists are shown as petty racketeers of Oriental extraction; and (4) it turns out that Elsa Maxwell doesn't look very well in a Benjamin Franklin costume. The picture is propaganda for a number of things which the owners of Twentieth Century, its producers, consider important. They are not fooling when they say that every working man would be better off if he didn't listen to "foreigners" and worked hard like the leading man in this picture, in the hopes of being rewarded with the hand of a pretty blonde heiress and a position of influence in industry. Their slogan is, "a Barbara Hutton in every home." In this sense *Public Deb* is a serious picture.

That it is nevertheless an inconspicuous B picture is due to unpleasant experiences Twentieth Century and other studios have had in the past. In the last few years a great deal of money has been spent on pictures containing incitements against labor, or the Soviet Union, or peace. This money has not come back multiplied. In some cases it has not come back at all. The only picture of this type which made money recently was *Ninotchka,* and the fact that it made people sore was balanced by the fact that it gave other people an opportunity to look at Greta Garbo. The studios have learned a lesson from Paramount's troubles with *Our Leading Citizen,* a fink movie which lost Paramount a lot of money and virtually destroyed Bob Burns' movie career. Since then there have been practically no anti-labor movies.

At the outbreak of war last September several expensive pictures were made pointing out belatedly that Hitler was not a pleasant person. The films were failures. A host of movie goers felt that these movies were not genuinely anti-fascist, but were trying to utilize the anti-fascist sentiment of the American public to make propaganda for war, so they didn't go to see them. The most conspicuous example of popular distrust was *Confessions of a Nazi*

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*Spy,* which made a great hit in 1938 and flopped miserably when it was reissued in 1940. The studios hastily scuttled their war pictures and Twentieth Century changed the title of *I Married a Nazi* to *The Man I Married,* hoping to get back its investment, which it did not. Columbia's version of *Ninotchka, He Stayed for Breakfast,* is not doing well. "Breakfast N.G. 27 G," says *Variety.*

B pictures have one advantage over regular features as propaganda vehicles: even when they cost as much as *Public Deb,* possibly $300,000, it is not possible for them to lose money. They are boycott-proof. Exhibitors are required to absorb a stated quantity each month, and it is a matter of indifference whether they include *Public Deb* or *The Mummy's Hand,* which is also current. People in New York who saw *Public Deb* went to see *The Sea Hawk,* with which it is harnessed on the RKO circuit. They probably didn't like *Public Deb,* because it is a terrible picture by any standards, but they saw it. For the time being, that is all the propagandists in Hollywood can ask.

From now on, however, the B's are going to be closely watched. The international spy plot has already been altered to provide for fifth columnists, who are usually pictured as workers in airplane factories, and G-men are hunting down "trouble-makers" instead of gangsters. Charlie Chan is after spies with Teutonic accents. A New York publication which reviews every movie issued contains these brief reviews in its current list:

*Murder in the Air*—(58 minutes, Warner, 1940). The G-men get after an "un-American" undercover organization in this formula melodrama. Grade B in all departments.

*Passport to Alcatraz*—(59 minutes, Columbia, 1940). Jack Holt is the G-man who breaks up a gang of "foreign power" saboteurs attempting to blow up US industrial plants. Routine Grade B.

*Phantom Raiders*—(71 minutes, MGM, 1940). Second in Walter Pidgeon's Nick Carter detective series. Fast, exciting melodrama, with Pidgeon uncovering anti-Allied activities in Central America.

The practice of confining propaganda to the B's will not apply if producers become less interested in making money, which is not impossible. If Twentieth Century had not counted the cost, it would have used Loretta Young in *Public Deb* instead of Brenda Joyce, and it would have released the result in first-run houses, where it probably would have been boycotted. At this moment, Time, Inc., producer of *The Ramparts We Watch,* does not mind losing money, having just brought to a close the most profitable six months' period in its history. It is going to lose a bankroll on *The Ramparts We Watch.* Henry R. Luce will not miss it, however. Even so *The Ramparts We Watch* is making its way through the neighborhoods cuddled beside a picture in which Lucille Ball, a well-proportioned doll in a burlesque house, does a strip tease in a strong wind.

DANIEL TODD.


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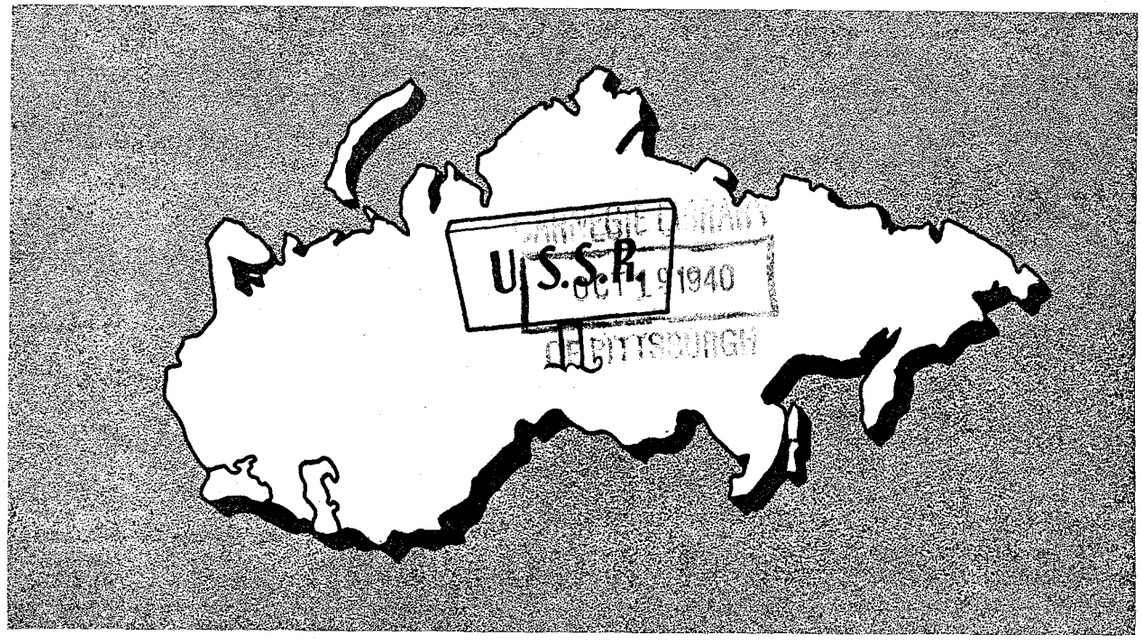


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